

THIS ISSUE
SPECIAL 8-PAGE
DRACULA
FULL COLOR
COMIC SECTION
PREVIEW OF THE NEW WARREN BOOK

A WARREN MAGAZINE PGC \$1.00

CREEPY

#51
MARCH 1972



A Burning Witch
comes back to life
in Deja Vu!
Page 6

POSSESSED FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE!

OF COURSE, EVIL SPIRITS OF THE DEAD CAN'T RETURN TO OUR WORLD AND POSSESS THE BOODIES OF THE LIVING. OR CAN THEY?? HERE ARE THE FACTS, AS REPORTED BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS ON NOVEMBER 12, 1969 -- FROM THE OUTSIDE, THE HOME OF MR. & MRS. ADAMS SEEMED LIKE ANY OTHER COTTAGE IN THE ENGLISH COASTAL TOWN OF GILLINGHAM, KENT.



BUT INSIDE, IN THE WINTER OF 1968, STRANGE THINGS STARTED HAPPENING. LIGHTS FLICKERED OFF AND ON, WARM ROOMS SUDDENLY BECAME COLD, DOORS OPENED BY THEMSELVES, FURNITURE MOVED...



BUT MOST TERRIFYING OF ALL WAS THE WEIRD TRANSFORMATION OF THE ADAMS THREE-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER, CAROL. THE LITTLE GIRL SUDDENLY BEGAN SPEAKING WITH AN INVISIBLE "BEING," SOMETIMES ANSWERING HERSELF IN AN ADULT VOICE. AT OTHER TIMES, **SOMEONE** COULD BE HEARD SAYING: WHILE THE CHILD WAS TALKING AT THE SAME TIME.

MRS. ADAMS AND HER HUSBAND PLACED A WOODEN CROSS IN THEIR LIVING ROOM TO FIGHT THE SINISTER "PRESENCE." BUT WHENEVER LITTLE CAROL DREW NEAR, THE SPIRIT OF THE HOLY OBJECT WOULD THROW HER INTO A HORRIBLE RAGE!





"At last! Firm proof that CREEPY is better than EERIE"

I really liked CREEPY #49. I thought "Buried Pleasure" was the best, also. "The Accursed Flower" Jose Bea's artwork is great.

TED CLARK
Desator, Ill.

I have noticed that, in the past year or two, CREEPY has been leaning a little too far over the brink that separates Horror from Fantasy and Fairy Tale. In other words, CREEPY has been dwelling in places he shouldn't.

Now, don't get me all wrong. I think CREEPY is great. But take care you don't lean over too far. Horror is in a class of its own. Try to understand that. Don't rush your magazine by throwing in "Stuff".

There is nothing wrong with Science Fiction that's NOT what I'm saying. It's just that does it really belong in CREEPY?

The names CREEPY and EERIE are practically synonymous with Horror. If you're going to change the format entirely, then you should also change the masthead.

KATHLEEN LAGLAIRE
Miami, Fla.

The controversy concerning Science Fiction and Sword & Sorcery has been going on for quite awhile now. We shall continue to print all forms of Horror stories in the future, but the emphasis will be away from science fiction and S&S. However, they will continue to appear from time to time, as there are many readers who do enjoy them.

Your CREEPY #49 was an excellent issue and I think one of the best stories in it was "The Severed Hand".

I think Aureleon is one of the best artists Warren has working for them, along with Jose Gonzales.

I must confess I don't usually read either CREEPY or EERIE, but I am a devout fan of VAMPIRELLA'S. Some of the covers of the magazines intrigued me and I bought them for that alone. But I usually just buy VAMPIRELLA and have almost a complete collection save for issue #3.

J.R. VIGEANT
Lowell, Mass.

CREEPY #49 is yet another banner issue in a long line of superlative efforts.

"Buried Pleasure" was written in the CREEPY tradition of horrifying excellence, but Esteban Maroto's artistic rendition was lacking the usual Maroto quality. The intricate techniques which distinguish Maroto from his peers were completely gone. Instead the entire rendering gave the appearance of having been rushed.

Aureleon's "The Severed Hand" looked very good in comparison with Maroto's feeble attempt. On the other hand, the script by Fred Ott was unimpressive of such fine illustration. My main criticism is with the main character, Dr. Otto Brunner. Why would "The Greatest Surgeon in All Of Germany" a man who practiced and relied upon the medical sciences, turn to the very unscientific arts of Black Magic for revenge? Reason and logic tell us a man of science would be extremely skeptical of witchcraft. Therefore he would be the last man to resort to witchcraft.

"The Third Night Of Mourning" put #49 on a level slightly above most of the previous issues. Stenstrom effectively used the horror story as a vehicle for commenting upon moral values in society. Jaime Brocal adequately illustrated the tale.

This month's contribution by Jose Bea was not quite up to par with his past efforts. The plot was a ridiculously simple one, which relied solely upon Bea's uniquely surrealistic artwork to conjure up a horrifying atmosphere.

"Wedding Knells" was well-written despite its predictable "surprise" ending. I like Jose Gual's artwork though I haven't been able to figure out why.

Issue #49 just goes to show that, even with its flaws, CREEPY is still the "first and best" in illustrated horror.

BRIAN SCHUCK
Bowling Green, Ohio

I really devoured CREEPY #49. It was the best yet. James Stenstrom's "The Third Night Of Mourning" was excellent and as well done as "The Severed Hand" by Fred Ott. #49's cover would make a great poster. Keep the good stories coming!

BARBARA DOBROT
Troy, N.Y.

CREEPY #49 was terrific. "Buried Pleasure" was great. It had just the right amount of Alfred Hitchcock mystery. "The Severed Hand" made my fangs fall out. "The Third Night Of Mourning" was so scary that I couldn't sleep all day. Please quit printing scary stories or I'll never get any sleep. "The Accursed Flower" and "Wednesday Knells" were my two favorite stories. Congrats to SanJulian for the cover. I'm sure it will be a classic cover someday.

CORKEY HUCKS
Sumter, S.C.

I'm new to the pages of your magazine. When I first saw it on the newsstand I thought it was another half-baked mag. Boy was I ever wrong. I just got #49 and it was so good you ate to say it was great. I loved all the stories. SanJulian's work on the cover was super. When I read "The Third Night Of Mourning" I really thought the story lived because of Jaime Brocal's work.

KEITH MAYO
Gadsden, Ala.

By far the best story in CREEPY #49, November 1972, was James Stenstrom's "The Third Night Of Mourning." Mr. Stenstrom's mastery of writing makes the other contributors to your magazine (at least in this issue) seem like amateurs. His use of period detail, avoidance of the conventional "shock" ending, the scarcity of dialogue, and, above all, the superb narration mark him as a talent to be watched.

This is one of the few stories I have seen in illustrated magazines in which the narrator actually helps to tell the story instead of telling the reader what he is seeing. Examine the story in its best moments: the bottom of page 34, and the top of page 35. Stenstrom's words amplify the effect of the pictures instead of merely commenting on them. The dry ironic quality of the prose adds something to the story, a depth and character most illustrated fiction lacks.

An excellent job by Mr. Stenstrom, let's have more from him.

SCOTT SCHUMACK
Minneapolis, Minn.

I have read CREEPY off and on for the past five years, and I find your magazine truly horrifying. Sometimes after reading CREEPY I have the most horrible nightmares a person or monster can have. In the past year I have taken a really great liking to CREEPY, and your current Special Issue was super fantastic. I really liked "Coffin of Dracula" and the others. Now I'd better look out for more nightmares. One suggestion, how about more stories about the king of creeps himself, Uncle Creepy?

TIM WILSON
Madison, N. Cal.

CREEPY #48 was and always will be great. I can hardly wait for your 50th anniversary issue. I'm sure it'll be great as always. I sometimes write poetry. Here's a poem I wrote.

When it comes to tales of horror
I truly must confess
EERIE is in sorrow
While CREEPY is the best!
One question, Unk? How
come you look so old for B
years?

JOSEPH HUCKS
Sumter, S.C.

It must be my dirty living.



Above: a scene from the much-praised story "The Third Night Of Mourning" in CREEPY #49, written by James Stenstrom and illustrated by Jaime Brocal. One reader called this story "A masterpiece of writing and art." Most others agreed.

"Buried Pleasure was just great!"

As last Firm proof that CREEPY is better than that rat runt EERIE. Yes are you ready? I was recently going through a shopping center in Lancaster, Pa., when I came upon a shop that sold those CREEPY and EERIE Halloween masks like those advertised once upon a fabled time in Warren Magazines. The CREEPY mask was, simply labeled UNCLE, while the EERIE mask was called (and believe it or not, this really proves your superiority!)—

DAVID MCDONNELL
Lancaster, Pa.

I thought your Special Issue #49 was great. Give Special thanks to Reed Crandall and Archie Goodwin for "Colin of Dracula."

DUANE STOCKDALE
Overland Park, Kansas

I have gotten six CREEPY mags. Oh, I mean Mags. I come to think of it, I was right the first time. The only reason I haven't thrown them away is because of the money they cost. But I wouldn't give you a plugged nickel for the lot of them.

I'm shocked that Warren Publications lowered its dignity enough to print this revolting, sickening garbage. I'm surprised that anybody would publish it.

I have now received the last issue of my subscription which I blundered into, and I'm glad it "You'd better read this whole thing because it cost 8 cents—a lot more than your magazines are worth."

Oh yes, Don't worry about unequal treatment because at the above goes for Cousin Eerie. I won't knock VAMPIRELLA because I never read one of her mags, but if she's a niece of yours, she's got problems.

I don't expect you to print this letter, but it's time you heard from someone with a little common sense and decency. I pity the regular readers of your rags. They must have something slightly wrong upstairs. Your Undevoted EX-reader

RANDY STULKEN
Viroqua, Wis.

I just finished reading CREEPY #49, and I can say without a doubt it is the best CREEPY I have ever read, and I seriously doubt that I will get to sleep tonight. Since they were all ghastly, it is hard to say which one I liked the best. I do think I liked "The Severed Hand" the best. Hey, Uncle, I just thought of a neat way to get that fat excuse for a Cousin off your back. All you have to do is get a hold of a "severed hand." Then you give it to EERIE. See.

GORDON CHING
Petaluma, Calif.

Issue #49 was great except for "Wedding Knells." I mostly enjoyed "The Severed Hand." I am satisfied that your stories are better than that Wierdo called "Erik" Sans, and that dame they call "Vampi." Each of their stories are bad compared to yours. EERIE has this person called DAX, and I can't understand why anyone, even Cousin EERIE would print.

DAVE KDFECKI
Kinnelon, New Jersey

Someday I hope to write professionally for CREEPY, but I know I will always read it. CREEPY #49 has got to be the best CREEPY since my first. #38 "No Horse Laughing Master" is the best. Lorraine Lore I've read "Buried Pleasure" would have been good if you hadn't pictured the vampire in your preview of the story in CREEPY #48. "The Severed Hand" in my opinion is a classic. I didn't think "The Third Night Of Mourning" would be half as good as it was. Brocol's art work went with the story so well it was incredible. "The Accursed Flower" wasn't as good as some of Jose Bea's stories, but it was O.K. CREEPY Book Reviews were good as always. The stories on CREEPY'S FAN CLUB pages were excellent.

"Wedding Knells" was beautiful. I thought it was the girl Well. I must go now to my bed (my DAY bed) for the sun is rising quickly.

BOBBY SOMMERKAMP
St. Pete, Fla.

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WRITER'S CRAMP?

No one seems to be writing old Unc these days! Only 925 letters in the mail this morning! Get that writing hand busy! Address all letters to:

DEAR UNCLE CREEPY
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145 East 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10018

THE SONOROUS DRONE OF HIS VOICE RELAXES YOU... LULLS YOU INTO AN IRRESISTIBLE TRANCE... RENDERS YOU OBEDIENT TO ANY AND ALL OF HIS SOFTLY INTONED SUGGESTIONS...

AND AS WAKES OF LITTER TRANQUILITY HAIRLY WASH OVER YOU YOUR FINAL THOUGHT IS A QUESTION: YOU WONDER *WHY* YOU VOLUNTARIED TO BE A SUBJECT FOR PRE-HAUL HYPOD'S. AND THEN YOUR EYES--SO VERY HEAVY--CLOSE...



YES--CLOSE YOUR EYES AND BASK IN THE SOFTNESS OF MY VOICE! **MEMORY**, JANET BECKER, IS A CURIOUS PHENOMENON: **TOTAL RECALL OF ALL PAST EVENTS AS ENTIRELY POSSIBLE**, ALTHOUGH NOT THROUGH THE FALLIBLE AND OFTEN FRAGMENTED CONSCIOUS MIND.



WATCHING THIS GENTLY SWAMING TIMEPIECE HAS MADE YOUR EYES... UNBEARABLY HEAVY. IT WILL FEEL GOOD--SO GOOD--TO CLOSE YOUR EYES... NOW HEAVY! THEY HEIGH...



DISJOINTED MEMORIES OF THAT DAY LONG-FAST FLOAT BACK LIKE WISPS OF FLEECY DOWN... UNTIL YOUR MEMORY OF THAT DAY RETURNS--AND YOU RELATE IT IN THE LISPING, MALTING VOICE OF A **TEN-YEAR-OLD**...

BUT NOW I POSSESS COMPLETE CONTROL OF YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS, WHERE THE MEMORY OF EVENTS FROM THE VERY INSTANT OF YOUR BIRTH IS STORED IN STAGES TO THAT MOMENT... FIRST YOUR TENTH BIRTHDAY PARTY... WHAT WAS IT LIKE JANET?

YES, JANET BECKER... BUT WE MUST GO BACK **FASTER**. NOW--BACK TO WHEN YOU WERE **TWO YEARS OLD**...

SURE I'M A MEMBER, MY TENTH BIRTHDAY! MOMMY GOT STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM AND I REALLY WANTED CHOCOLATE BUT THAT WAS OKAY 'CAUSE...



INCREDIBLE, BUT YOU FIND THAT YOU CAN REMEMBER YOUR SECOND YEAR OF LIFE... AND YOU RELATE AN OCCURRENCE IN A VOICE WHICH, WHILE NOT YOUR OWN, IS NOT THAT OF A BABY, EITHER...

YES BUT YOUR HEAD DOESN'T HURT NOW DOES IT JANET BECKER? YOU FEEL, **KINE**--WELL ENOUGH TO REMEMBER BACK TO THAT MOMENT IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING YOUR BIRTH!

YES, JANET BECKER, AND YOU ARE **EXACTLY SAFE** NOW--SO SAFE THAT THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO DANGER IN REMEMBERING BACK TO A TIME... BEFORE YOUR MOTHER SORE YOU! BACK TO A **PREVIOUS LIFETIME**--AND A DIFFERENT INCARNATION!

YES I **FELL** WHEN I WAS TWO YEARS OLD--I FELL FROM MY CRADLE--HURT MY HEAD--MOTHER AND FATHER WERE TERRIBLY UPSET...

I DO REMEMBER! BUT NOW... ZON... MY MOTHER WAS SO SOFT AND WARM TO CUDDLE! I FELT SO SAFE IN HER ARMS...



I-I WAS SOMEONE ELSE... LIKE MYSELF BUT IN A DIFFERENT TIME AND... ANOTHER PLACE (MY NAME WASN'T SARIT BECKER--IT WAS PRISCILLA STURGER... AND I LIVED ALONE... IN SALEM... EXCEPT FOR POOR KITTY SHE WAS MY ONLY COMPANY--WE WERE BOTH LOST SOULS HERE WITH ONLY ONE EYE... AND WE WITH MY PARENTS DEPARTED.

"SOMETHING AWFUL HAPPENED ONE EVENING WHILE I WAS PREPARING BROTH FOR MY SUPPER... THREE FLAMES BURST IN... I WAS TERRIFIED!"



"THEY DESTROYED KITTY! LOCKED HER IN AND BURNED MY ONLY HOME!"



"I WAS SEIZED--TAKEN TO AN AREA BEYOND THE VILLAGE RESERVED FOR THE BURNING OF WITCHES... AND THERE I WAS ACCUSED OF UNSPEAKABLE CRIMES AGAINST GOD..."

YE HAVE HEARD HER CRIMES AGAINST THE ALMIGHTY YOUR HONOR YE MUST JUDGE AND CONDEMN HER, A WITCH! SHE HAS NO PARENTS--FOR SHE IS THE VERY DAUGHTER OF SARAH!

NO! MY PARENTS DIED! I AM NOT THE DAUGHTER OF THE DEVIL!

ALIVE AND GREAT ARE THE POWERS OF THE MIND MUCH OF THEM UNTHOUGHT OF THE CONSCIOUS OR OVER-MIND (NOW) THROUGH THE SCIENCE OF PSYCHIC HYPNOTIC REGRESSION, THE VERY REAR OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS OR UNDER-MIND CAN BE BROUGHT FORWARD, AND, IN THE MISTAKE OF JUDITH SARIT BECKER A STRONG CASE FOR THE VALIDITY OF THE THEORY OF REINCARNATION IS DISCLOSED THOUGH...

SILENCE, WITCH! WE SHALL BE THE SOLE JUDGE OF THAT!

DEJA VU



INCREDIBLE! HER STORY SUBSTANTIATES THE EXISTENCE OF REINCARNATION! HER PREVIOUS INCARNATION WAS THAT OF AN ACCUSED WITCH IN 17TH CENTURY SALEM!

YES, JANET, IT WAS HORRIBLE - BUT YOU'RE SAFE NOW! THINK OF IT ONLY AS A DREAM... AND TELL ME MORE ABOUT YOUR LIFE AS PRISCILLA STARKER.

"I REMEMBER THE HATRED IN THEIR EYES AS THEY PRESENTED THEIR ACCUSATIONS..."



JUDGE MATTHEW BECKER?! CAN IT BE? MUST EXAMINE HER DOSSIER AND MAKE SURE!

REST NOW, JANET... DO NOT REMEMBER AGAIN UNTIL I COMMAND IT! THAT'S RIGHT... REST...



SHE SPEAKS WITH A **ONE-EYED CAT**, YOUR HONOR... CONVERSES WITH IT! AND HER CAULDRON IS BUST EVERY NIGHT WITH VILE WITCH'S BREWS AND UNHOLY POTIONS!

I PREPARE NO POTIONS! JUST BROTH - FOR MY SUPPER!

MUST YE BE WARNED, **WITCH**? JUDGE MATTHEW BECKER SHALL DECIDE WHAT YE WERE BREWING IN YOUR FOUL CAULDRON!



THIS IS UNUSUAL! HER GENEALOGICAL RECORDS INDICATE THAT SHE **DID HAVE** AN ANCESTOR IN SALEM IN THE 17TH CENTURY! A JUDGE MATTHEW BECKER... INFAMOUS FOR HIS WITCH TRIALS! JANET IS HIS PRESENT-DAY DESCENDANT, YET... **INCREDIBLE!** SHE HERSELF WAS ONE OF HIS VICTIMS IN HER PREVIOUS INCARNATION!



ALL RIGHT
JANET BECKER, WERE
READY NOW... YOU WERE
TELLING ME OF
PRISCILLA STARKER...

YES, I
WAS PRISCILLA
STARKER... SO LONELY THEN:
MY PARENTS WERE GONE.
I HAD NO ONE TO SPEAK
TO—ONLY KITTY! AND THEY
CHARGED ME EVIL—
A WITCH!

THEY WERE *DETERMINED* TO
CONDEMN ME! IT WASN'T A FAIR
TRIAL... I WAS THE FOCUS OF THEIR
IRRATIONAL SUPERSTITIONS...



LET IT BE KNOWN THAT
UPON THIS DAY JUDGE
MATTHEW BECKER CONDEMNS
THIS WITCH TO **DEATH AT
THE SNAKE** / HAVE YE
ANYTHING TO SAY FOR
YOURSELF, WITCH?

YES! I *AS* A
WITCH! I BE JUDGED
AND CONDEMNED, THEN AS A
WITCH SO SHALL I **DIE!** / I
CURSE YOU JUDGE MATTHEW
BECKER! I CURSE YOU AND
ALL YOUR DESCENDANTS
THROUGHOUT
ETERNITY!



YOU THOUGHT NOTHING OF DESTROYING
MY CAT! SHE PROVIDED ME WITH THE ONLY
COMRADESHIP I HAD! (BUT YOU KILLED
HER)—AND SO I CURSE YOU! AND WHAT
BETTER VENUE FOR YOUR DEATH THAN
A WITCH'S FAMILIAR... A **CAT!** LIKE
AN AVENGING ANGEL, A CAT WILL
CAUSE YOU AND YOUR DESCENDANTS
A **SENSELESS, HEARINGLESS
DEATH!**



THE AWFUL MEMORIES OF YOUR LIFE AND DEATH AS PRISCILLA STARKER FADE AWAY AS THE GENTLE MONOTONE OF THE DOCTOR'S VOICE CARRIES YOU FORWARD... THROUGH BLURRED DARKNESS... MOVING SO QUICKLY...



GOOD LORD! BY CURSING BECKER AND HIS DESCENDANTS IN HER PREVIOUS INCARNATION, SHE IN EFFECT CURSED **HERSELF**... SINCE **SHE** IS A DESCENDANT OF JUDGE BECKER IN HER **PRESENT** INCARNATION!



ALL RIGHT, JANET BECKER -- YOU **ARE** JANET BECKER NOW! PRISCILLA STARKER IS ONLY A THING OF THE **PAST**, SOON SHE WILL FADE AWAY -- YOU WILL NO LONGER REMEMBER HER. YOU ARE GETTING OLDER NOW! SOON YOU WILL BE 25 YEARS OLD AGAIN, JANET, YOU WILL BE IN A HYPNOTIST'S OFFICE...



...AND YOU WILL AWAKEN WHEN I SNAP MY FINGERS... BUT YOU WILL REMEMBER **NOTHING** OF YOUR TRANCE!



WHAT IS IT? WHAT HAPPENED? I WAS IN A TRANCE, IT WAS... **HORRIBLE... BEYOND BELIEF!** LIKE A NIGHTMARE -- BUT I CAN'T REALLY REMEMBER...



THERE IS **NOTHING** TO REMEMBER, JANET! AFTER YOUR NEXT SESSION YOU WILL FEEL NO VAGUE OR FRAGMENTAL RECOLLECTIONS YOU'RE COMING ALONG WILL DEAR...

NEXT SESSION! IF YOU THINK FOR ONE SECOND THAT I'LL SUBMIT TO ANOTHER, SHATTERING EXPERIENCE LIKE **THIS** ONE...

BUT YOU **MUST** COOPERATE! YOUR EFFORTS HAVE TAKEN ME TO THE VERY BRINK OF UNDERSTANDING THE CONCEPT OF **REINCARNATION!** I CAN'T STOP NOW!



REINCARNATION? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? NEVER MIND -- I DON'T EVEN WANT TO KNOW! MY DECISION IS **FINAL** -- I'LL NOT LET MY MIND BE TOILED BY ANY MORE OF YOUR HYPNOTIC WOODS-FOCUS!



STRANGE HOW AFRAID
I FEEL... WHAT COULD THE HYPNOTIST
HAVE DONE TO MAKE ME SO
TENSE? I'D BETTER GET
HOME...

YOU LISTEN TO THE ALMOST *HYPERNOTIC*
STACCATO BEAT OF YOUR HEELS AS
THEY HURRY YOU DOWN THE DARKENED
STREETS...



ELSEWHERE... A SMALL CHILD FROGGS IN THE BACKSEAT OF HER FATHER'S CAR... A PERSIAN CAT IN HER LAP... THE WIND BLOWING IN HER FACE...

PRETTY KITTY,
KITTY IS SO
PRETTY...

KITTY
LIKES TO
RIDE IN THE
CAR, DOESN'T
SHE ?

SEE
OUTSIDE KITTY !
LOOK
AT THE
PEOPLE !

STUPID PEOPLE /
IF THEY DON'T KNOW HOW
TO DRIVE, THEY
SHOULDN'T BE ALLOWED
IN THE DRIVER'S
SEAT /

KITTY
KISS ME, DADDY!
KITTY'S SO
HAPPY!

WHY DO I
ALWAYS TAKE THIS
ROUTE? THIS HAS GOT
TO BE ADAPT AVENUE
I SWEAR. HOW WILL
YOU?--STUPID
CARRY!

GOTTA
SPEED UP
TO MAKE
THIS
LIGHT...

SSV RIEEC

WHAT
THE-- / YOU
CRAZY
CAB-DRIVER--



YOUR OWN CURSE HAS BEEN
FULFILLED, JANET BECKER... IN
A BURST OF CRUEL IRONY!



EPILOGUE: YOU ARE DEAD. JANET BECKER, AND YOU WILL NEVER APPRECIATE THE EFFORTS OF A MELANCHOLIC HYPNOTIST--A HYPNOTIST WHO SHAMBLES AWAY FROM YOU WITH TRAGEDY--LADEN FEET...



WHEN I'D HEARD ABOUT JANET BECKER'S DREAMS--THE WAY SHE RAVED IN HER SLEEP--I THOUGHT SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE ONLY CLUE TO MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S IDENTITY... AND SHE **ALMOST** HAD BEEN, BUT IT'S TOO LATE NOW... ALL I'M LEFT WITH IS THE TORMENTING KNOWLEDGE THAT PERHAPS IT WAS **ME**, AND NOT A **CAT** WHO KILLED MY GRANDMOTHER TWICE REMOVED TONIGHT.



TWO OPPOSING ARMIES PREPARE THEIR FORCES
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF NOWHERE...

FLAGS--CRIMSON AND GOLD
BANNERS--HANG SLACK IN THE
SLOW-SWIRLING FOG...

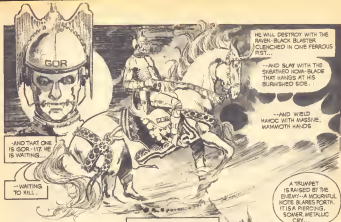
SINCE HEAD
TIME, FELLOW
TRAVELERS,
AS WE
WITNESS...

STAR- SLAUGHTER

AN OPPRESSIVE SENSE OF DEADLY STILLNESS OVERHANDS THE EVENT...

YET AT THE SAME TIME--A FEELING OF APPREHENSION--AN UNDER-CURRENT OF
RAW EXCITEMENT EXPLODES WITHIN EACH DIAMOND-GLINTING GLADIATOR...

--SAVE ONE--



--AND THAT ONE
IS GOR--U7, HE
IS WAITING...

--WAITING
TO KILL...

HE WILL DESTROY WITH THE
RAVEN-BLACK BLASTER
CLENCHED IN ONE FERROUS
FIST...

--AND SLAY WITH THE
SHARPENED HORN-BLADE
THAT HANGS AT HIS
BURNISHED SIDE...

--AND WIELD
MAMOT WITH MASSIVE,
MAMMOTH HANDS

YET SOMETHING CLAWS AT HIS
CONSCIOUSNESS--A SOME
UNKNOWN FEAR--A
NAMELESS, INTANGIBLE DREAD.

A TRUMPET
IS RAISED BY THE
ENEMY--A MOURNFUL
NOTE BLARES FORTH.
IT IS A PIERCING,
SOBER, METALLIC
CRY...



CARNAGE COMES IN MANY
FORMS, IT IS SWORDS,
ELECTRO-LANCES, BLASTERS
AND BLAZERS...

IT IS FERAL HATE, PRISTINE
PAIN--SURGING ARMS
RIDING ONWARD TO CLASH.



GOR--U7 DOES NOT TOUCH
UPON SUCH THOUGHTS. HE
ROUNDS DOWN THE
HILLOCK--THUNDERS
ACROSS AN OPEN PLAIN.

BLAZING FIRE BURSTS
SCARS THE EARTH. ANIMALS
LURCH--STUMBLE--GO DOWN.

KRUMMMH

BRZAAACK

ZRAAAAK

MELTING METAL RUNS BLOOD-RED
ACROSS THE CHARRED BATTLEFIELD.

GOR-117 DRAWS
HIS NOVA-BLADE
WITH A SINGING
RASP

CIANG

CRANG

BRZZZIK

GOR-117 FEELS A EUPHORIC
SENSE OF BEING TOTALLY
ALIVE--A SURPRISING THING
TO EXPERIENCE AMID SUCH
SUDDEN DEATH.

HE STRIKES AT
A FOEWAN...

AT FIRST--GOR-117 IS NOT AWARE OF
THE SWARMING SOUND AT HIS BACK--
THE OMINOUS VIBR OF A LANCE SET AT
MAXIMUM CHARGE.

MMMM

AGAIN...
AND AGAIN...
AND AGAIN...

IT TAKES .08 SECONDS TO
EVALUATE THE SITUATION...



ANOTHER .08 SECONDS
TO REACT

UNFORTUNATELY--THE WHITE
ROBOT'S MOUNT IS NOT SO
COMPUTER-SWIFT

A BLAST OF LETHAL
LIGHTNING--A WOUND,
SPATTERING GORE,
ENTRAILS BLOOD...

KRZZZZZZT

HIS SWORD IS NOTHING MORE THAN
A BATTLE-SCARRED RELIC. THE
ONCE GLEAMING ROBOT RISES TO
MEET HIS FATE.

--AND
GOR-17 IS
DOWN.

HE HAS .85 SECONDS
BEFORE THE LANCE
CAN RECHARGE TO
PEAK POWER.

GOR-17 BRINGS
UP HIS NIGHT-DARK
BLASTER--ONLY TO
HAVE IT SHOWN
FROM HIS GRASP.

THUDD

HE MUST SWAY
THE ADVANTAGE TO
HIS SIDE--STALL FOR
TIME BY BLINDING
THE LIZARD-
LIKE BEAST.

--BLIND IT GOOD.

SWACK-K-K

ARROARRR

THERE IS STILL A CHANCE--IF THE INITIATIVE CAN BE SEIZED.

CYBERSOME STEEL FINGERS CURL INTO THE FORMS OF FISTS.

PTOM-M-M

THE BLOW IS A BUNDLING BLUR--RESONING LIKE AN ARTIFICIAL THUNDERCLAP.

THE ENEMY REELS BACK STAGGERED-- STUNNED, VITAL CIRCUITS SMASHED-- DESTROYED

WITH UNCHAINED FURY-- GOR-17 PRESSES THE ATTACK

THE WHITE ROBOT GOES FOR THE BRAIN CAVITY--CENTER OF EGO, LOGIC, MEMORY AND MOVEMENT COORDINATION...

...AND CRUSHES

CRUSHES IT SLOWLY-- METHODICALLY--LIKE A FRAIL METAL BOKKSHILL.

CRUSHES IT TILL THE METAL BUCKLES--CIRCUITS SNAP.

--AND CHEMICAL COOLANTS TRICKLE OVER CONSTRUCTING FINGERS TO STAIN THE GROUND A BRIGHT, BLOODY RED.

CRUSHES IT!

CRUSHES IT--UNTIL IT IS NO MORE

CRUNCH-H-H

AND THEN-- GOR-117 REALIZES
WHAT HE HAS DONE...

--THAT HE IS THE LONE VICTOR--
A WINNER OF A WASTELAND.

BUT THERE IS PRECIOUS
LITTLE TIME FOR SUCH
INTROSPECTION...

THE ROBOT ONLY KNOWS THAT
A HUMAN IS STANDING TOWARD
HIM, AS IF TO REASSURE
GOR-117-- THE MAN SAYS,
"PRIME DIRECTIVE ALPHA."

THE GRIME-SWABBED METAL MAN
THINKS--THINKS OF A TIME LONG
AGO AT A PRODUCTION PLANT...

PRIME
DIRECTIVE
ALPHA

--WHERE HE WAS CREATED--
CONCEIVED BY THE MINDS
OF MEN.

WAR NO LONGER EXISTS IN THE FAR-FLUNG
FUTURE-- BUT MANKIND MUST STILL SATISFY
ITS PRIMITIVE KILLING INSTINCTS...

GOR-117 MUST OBEY
HIS HUMAN MASTERS--
THEIR WILL IS HIS
WILL.

--AND DOES SO BY WATCHING ROBOT
GLADIATORS-- STEEL-SHELLED WARRIORS
THAT BATTLE TO THE DEATH.

--AND YET, WHY DOES THIS MAN--MADE
TITAN-- THIS SUPPOSEDLY UNFEELING SPAWN
OF TECHNOLOGY-- EXPERIENCE SUCH
INFINITE SORROW, SUCH UNBEARABLE
ANGUISH?

A BATTLEFIELD--STREWN WITH
THE DEAD AND DISCARDED
FOR WHAT?

AMUSEMENT--MERE
AMUSEMENT.

GOR--HE WANTS NO PART OF THIS
HUMAN--THIS BROADCASTER WHO
TELEVISED THE WAR TO A
THOUSAND POPULATED SUNS...

--NOR DOES HE
EMBRACE THE
EARTH--WITH ITS
WARPED AND
WAYWARD GAMES

THE TORMENTED ROBOT
REJECTS MAN...

DENIES HIM..
CURSES HIM..
HATES HIM..

...AND PITIES
HIM...

THERE IS ONLY
ONE THING THE
ROBOT WANTS
--ONE THING
HE NOW
DESIRES...

PEACE INNER.
PEACE, ETERNAL
PEACE, PEACE
FOUND IN THE
SOLACE OF
NON-EXISTENCE

BY LOG:

SO THIS IS
THE COMBATOID
THAT KILLED
ITSELF AFTER
THE BATTLE.

ACCORDING
TO OUR MICRO-
FILES--BOR-ONE
SEVENTEEN'S
COMMITTED SUICIDE
THREE TIMES THIS
YEAR.

IT'S JUST A
MATTER OF PROPER
PROGRAMMING.

BY THE WAY--
DID YOU SEE THE
GAMES LAST
NIGHT?

THERE WAS
THIS ROBOT FROM
TITAN WHO WAS
UNBEATABLE.

RAISE HIS
SURVIVAL FACTOR.
ANOTHER TEN
DEGREES.

OUR SECTOR
MISSED IT BECAUSE
OF INTERFERENCE--
AND I HAD BETS
RIDING ON THE
FIGHT.

OH WELL--
I GUESS THAT'S
LIFE.

CAN THERE
EVER BE...AN
END?

YEAH, AND
I GUESS TWO
IT!

MEXICO WAS ALIVE WITH THE SOUNDS AND SIGHTS OF THE UPCOMING FESTIVAL OF DEATH... WHERE ALL THOSE THINGS THAT ARE MOST TO BE FEARED RAISE THEIR UGLY LITTLE HEADS...

THAT SKULL-- I'LL TAKE IT.

IS IT TRUE...? CAN YOU REALLY EAT THESE THINGS?

SURE-- IF YOU CARE TO.

TO SHARON PARKER, IT WAS BUT ANOTHER QUANT AMUSEMENT ON HER TRAVEL AGENCY TOUR OF MEXICO.

A PERSONALLY SIGNED, SUGAR-COATED CANDY SKULL... FOR MY DINING AND DANCING PLEASURE! HA!

HOW DELIGHTFULLY MOROSE!

SHARON

PLEASE HELP ME... I WANT TO DIE... DIE...

WHAT ARE THEY GOING TO THINK OF NEXT...?

I REALLY MUST BE GETTING BACK... EW? WHO'S THERE??

...BUT FOR ME TO DIE...

...I MUST KILL...! WHY?

EEE--YAAAAH!

NOT TRUE! NOT! KIND OF GRUESOME, BUT SHARON WAS SCARED RIGHT OUT OF HER SADDLE! AND SUCH A TASTY ONE AT THAT! YAW! YUR!

DEATH WISH!

SHADOWS-- THEY CAN ALTER PERSPECTIVES AND HIDE THINGS BEST LEFT UNFOUNDED. BUT THERE SEEMED TO BE NO SHADOWS IN THE COMFORTING LIGHT OF MORNING WHEN GRAY AND LAURA TRENT FLEW IN...



...AND WHEN GRAY TRENT, FAMOUS AMERICAN JOURNALIST, VACATIONS IN OUR HUMBLE VILLA, I IN MY CAPACITY AS POLICE CAPTAIN GREET HIM IN PERSON.

...AND SEE THAT HE HAS NOTHING TO WRITE ABOUT?

HOW VERY STRANGE... COFFIN BENS USED AS CONCESSION TABLES, SELLING THE MOST HORRID ITEMS... SIBILE GROTESQUERIES?

SUDDENLY...

IF I WERE YOU, I WOULD NOT BE SO ANXIOUS...

IT'S THE FESTIVAL OF DEATH. BUT WAIT UNTIL TONIGHT--YOU'LL REALLY SEE SOMETHING THEN

WHAT? A, BERTO, WHAT ARE THOSE PEOPLE DOING. GET THEM OUT OF THERE--HURRY!



IN THE MOMENT OF SHOUTING VOICES AND DANCING BODIES, A SINGLE TWISTED SHADOW-OF-A-MAN STEPPED UP TO THE CAR...

SEÑORITA--SSSS! PLEASE, A GIFT FOR A FAIR HISTOR.

WHA, WHAT IS IT?

YOU LIKE... NO?

I-- I GUESS SO...

DEAR GOD! IT HAS MY NAME ON IT! HOW DID YOU--

HE--HE'S GONE!

DON'T BE ALARMED. I INFORMED THE MERCHANTS OF YOUR ARRIVAL. YOU ARE PRIVILEGED GUESTS OF THE FESTIVAL. HE MEANT WELL.



SOON, AFTER ARRIVING
AT THEIR HOTEL...

I'VE TAKEN SPECIAL
PRECAUTIONS
UNFORTUNATELY THERE
HAVE BEEN SEVERAL
BRUTAL MURDERS
THE LAST FEW
NIGHTS...

THE EAST WAS AN
AMERICAN TOURIST
HOWEVER, IT SHALL
NOT BE REPEATED!
WE WOULDN'T WANT
YOUR HUSBAND
HAVING THE WORST
IMPRESSION OF
OUR CITY, EH?

BUT I WOULDN'T
WORRY THE
SUSPECTED KILLER
WAS STOPPED
TRYING TO
ESCAPE US

HE'S
DOWN AT THE
MORGUE...



WHA--
OF COURSE
NOT.



THAT NIGHT, THE SHADOWS RETURNED,
WEARING THICKEST AMONGST THE COLD-
STONE WALLS AND DESOLATION OF THE
LOCAL AVENUE.



A SINGLE LONE FIGURE
LIES STILL, SHADOWS
DRAWN ACROSS HIM LIKE
A BLANKET.

BUT THEN THE SHADOWS MOVE, THE
BLANKET IS THROWN OFF...



STILL ALIVE! I
WANTED TO DIE
DAMN YOU, DEO
MASTER, STOP
CALLING ME!



I WANT
TO ONE...

... DIE...



...DIE...

NIGHT CLOSED LIKE A CANOPE ABOUT THE WINDOWS OF THE TRENT'S HOTEL ROOM...

I DON'T LIKE IT HERE, I'M NOT SURE WHY, MAYBE IT'S THAT HORROR FESTIVAL GRAY DRAGGED ME TO TONIGHT, AND THOSE MURDERS...



I-- I ALMOST WISH GRAY HAD NEVER BROUGHT ME HERE.



SOMEDAY, OLD MASTER, I WILL KILL YOU-- THEN MAYBE I CAN DIE.

THEN THERE IS PANIC, MADNESS AMONGST THE BROKEN-GLASS CONFUSION...



E-E-EEEEAAAHHHHH!



LAURA!
LAURA!

SHADOWS TICK FASTER. A CHILL WHO FANS GRAY'S DESPERATION, THE NIGHT'S SILENCE KINDLES HIS PANIC...

SENOR, MY CAR-- YOU ARE TAKING MY CAR, ALTO! ALTO!



WORD TRAVELS FAST IN THESE PARTS-- AND WHEN CAPTAIN HORATIO CAMMEZ WANTS TO KNOW SOMETHING, IT TRAVELS EVEN FASTER!



WHAT? THE AMERICAN WILL BE FURIOUS... AND SO WILL HIS EMBASSY! TWO AMERICAN WOMEN KILLED IN TWO NIGHTS.

LET'S HURRY-- WE MUST FIND LAURA TRENT!



NIGHT OF THE ETERNAL DEATH--
PRAYERS OFFERED IN PAINFUL SCREAMS,
HUMAN SWEAT PROVIDING THE ONLY
INCENSE. WHEN FORDGOTTEN VEHICLES
RETURN LIKE A PLEISTOCENE TO THE MIND--
THINGS ANCIENT, THINGS EVIL.

EVEN THE UNBURIED DEAD, ONCE
HUMAN HUSKS, LEFT TO DRY IN
UNKEMPT CATACOMBS FOR LACK
OF REPOSE--EVEN THEY SEEM TO
MURDER WIND--SOFT WALLS AS
THEY HEAR THE PRISONS ABOVE
THEM.

IN SPITE OF THE FERMENTIVE HEAT,
IN SHADOWS PEOPLE DRAW THEIR
COMES AND SWAILS TIGHTER.

AH, THERE
YOU ARE, ESTEBAN.
A BODY FOR THE
OLD MASTER, NOW
WHAT DO YOU
HAVE FOR ME?

DEATH, OLD
ONE / YOU CAN
HAVE THIS
YOUNG, SWEET
CARCASS--MINE
TOO--IF ONLY YOU
CAN SAVE ME
DEATH!

DEATH,
NO-- BUT
GOLD I
HAVE! I...

DRAWN YOUR
GOLD--THE OLD
MASTER IS
CALLING IN MY
HEAD.

CURSE THE DAY I
CHOSE SUICIDE WHERE
YOUR EVIL EYES
COULD SEE OLD
WITCH!

TRENT! SEÑOR
TRENT!

CHAVEZ!
MY WIFE,
SHE'S...

SI, WE KNOW
PERHAPS
YOU'D BEST
STAY WITH
US.

AND SOMEWHERE, IN THE OMNIPRESENT DARKNESS OF A HOLLOW ROOM, HOLLOW SAVE FOR A CRUETY CHAIR AND A
BROKEN MAN.

ESTEBAN--
HE IS COMING, I
CAN FEEL IT. HE
WILL COME AND
ONCE MORE TRY
TO KILL ME.

BUT SHE WON'T
LET HIM-- THE
OLD WITCH
WON'T LET
HIM...

SHE HAS
NEED OF HER
BODIES--AND
I AM A
FAITHFUL
SERVANT.

IT'S A SHAVE.

ESTEBAN
DOES NOT
UNDERSTAND
IMMORTALITY.



DESPERATE, ANGRY FOOTFALLS...
THE OLD, ROTTING DOOR.
BUCKLES AND SPLINTERS LIGHT
STABBING AT THE SMALL ROOM.

'ESTABAN.'
WHERE IS TONIGHT'S
VICTIM...



YOU, OLD
MASTER--TONIGHT,
YOU ARE MY
VICTIM!

NO!
STAY AWAY...
YOU CAN'T!!



I WILL TAKE
DEATH, OLD MASTER
... FIRST YOURS...
THEN MINE!

VOLENT NIGHT,
UNHOLT NIGHT--
THE VERY AIR
PRICKLED WITH
DEATH FOR
ESTABAN...

EEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

IT WAS LIKE SOME
MOODY, UNDEFINABLE,
HELLISH
NIGHTMARE --
BUT ONE HE WOULD
NEVER WAKE
FROM...



TONIGHT
WAS FOR
TERROR!

NO!
IT CAN'T BE
REAL...



THE OLD
MASTER... ONE
OF THE
UNDEAD...

ESTABAN HAD NEVER
PROVIDED THE OLD ONE
MERCY HE HAD SOUGHT
FOR HIMSELF.

A DRY, WITHERED VOICE
WHEEZES WORDS THAT
STARTLE ESTABAN

IT IS REAL, ESTABAN...
...HEE HEE HEE! HE
WAS MISRELY
ANOTHER OF MY
ZOMBIES...

...LIKE YOU.
I MADE
HIM LIVE
AGAIN...

SWEET MARY
IN HEAVEN... I
DON'T WANT TO
LIVE!

OH, BUT I NEED YOU TO BRING ME VICTIMS, YOU SEE
I, TOO, WAS CURSED WITH LIFE. I, TOO, WILL LIVE
FOREVER!

IMMORTALITY IS A CURSE, ESTABAN! I CAN NOT
DIE, BUT STILL I MUST EXPERIENCE DEATH...
AND IF NOT MY
OWN... THEN IT
MUST BE THE
DEATH OF OTHERS!

AND ONCE THEY
ARE DEAD I CALL
THEM BACK AS THE
LIVING DEAD I SEND
THEM OUT THERE IN THE
FESTIVAL AND THEY MUST
FIND OTHER BODIES
FOR ME LIKE YOU
FOUND BODIES
FOR ME!

THEN, FINALLY, ONE
OF MY ZOMBIES
WILL KILL ME... LET
ME GO TO MY REST
...HE WILL HAVE TO
SEARCH FOR MORE
BODIES IN MY
PLACE...

NO MORE,
WITCH! NO
MORE!

WHA...?

WOOOO!
YOU TOO!
YOU TOO!

YOU WILL NEVER DIE,
ESTABAN... HEE HEE HEE
... NEVER DIE!

...NOW YOU WILL
HAVE TO SEARCH FOR
SOMEONE TO KILL...
HEE HEE HEE!

YAAAAHHH!

GAAAAAHHHHH!

ELSEWHERE IN THE EXPLODING NIGHT

LAURA!
LAURA! THANK
GOD!

GRAY?

...HORRIBLE. HE HAS ALL
WHITE, WHITE LIKE A DEAD
MAN--HIS SKIN WAS LIKE
ICE! I...

EEE-AAHHHHHHH!

WAIT!
LISTEN...

HURRY--IT
COMES FROM
THE NEXT BLOCK
OVER!

THIS NIGHT WOULD LONG
BE REMEMBERED AS ONE
OF UNMATCHABLE HORROR--
BUT NOT EVEN THEY WERE
PREPARED FOR THAT FINAL
SIGHT...

GOOD
LORD!

HOOD! YOU
ARE ZOMBIES TOO!
YOU'RE ALL ZOMBIES
--I'VE GOT TO FIND
A REAL PERSON...

...SOMEONE
ALIVE...

BUT YOU
ARE ALL
ZOMBIES!!!

ZOMBODINE

BETTER DO SOMETHING
ABOUT RIPPER THERE. NOT
THE FIRST 1084 THO...
REALLY INTERESTING IN THE
MINGER PRISON. ARE YOU
REAL PLEAS AND BLOOD--
ALIVE? GREAT! YOU'RE
JUST WHO OL' STEVEN
WOULD LIKE TO MEAT!
WEE HEE HEE!



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SLEEP DRAPES MARK NYMAN IN A BLISTERING BLANKET OF TORMENT, FOR HE IS DREAMING, AND HIS DREAM IS A NIGHTMARE...



MARSHA!
(MURMUR)
I MARRIED
FOR LOVE
BUT NOT NOW!

MARSHA, HIS FIRST WIFE. THEIR MARRIAGE WAS AS STORMY AS THE NIGHT! SHE DISAPPEARED, A CRUEL, PERRUNCTORY NOTE HER ONLY GOODBYE.



SHE-SHE'S
GONE. I'M GOING
WHERE. I'M LOVED T
WH- WHAT DOES THAT
MEAN? SURE, WE FOUGHT
ABOUT THE APARTMENT,
MY JOB, MONEY, BUT
WE COULDN'T WORKED
IT OUT. IT DOESN'T
MAKE SENSE!

AS PAINFUL MEMORY IN THE EYE OF SLEEP TORTURES MARK NYMAN, AN ENIGMA APPEARS EACH NIGHT THE IMAGE OF A MAN-NYMAN? CHOPPING UP SOMETHING WITH AN AXE - BUT WHAT?



AND ALWAYS THIS RECURRING DREAM CLIMAXES IN A SEGUE INTO THE INEXPLICABLE, AS THE MYSTERY FIGURE STEALTHILY MAKES OFF WITH AN UNKNOWN BUNDLE.



Joe Bon

HE LIES AWAKE IN BED 'TIL MORNING - 9-10 THEN IT, WHILE OUTSIDE, THE ANSWER TO HIS QUESTIONS, OR A PRICE OF IT AT LEAST, LIES WAITING ON HIS DOORSTEP...



EVERY NIGHT
THAT FIGURE WITH THE
AXE, THEN THE SACK, AND
EVERY NIGHT THE DREAM ENDS
THERE... AND I WAKE UP IN A
COLD SWEAT! WHAT DOES
IT MEAN? I CAN'T TAKE
THIS ONE MORE NIGHT!
I... I FEEL LIKE I'M...
LOSING MY
MIND!!



KNOCK
SNOCK

FRAGILE
PERISHABLE
THIS END UP

IT SEEMS LIKE JUST ANOTHER SPECIAL DELIVERY PACKAGE TO HIM, BUT SOMEHOW HE SENSES THERE IS SOMETHING TERRIBLY WRONG HERE.



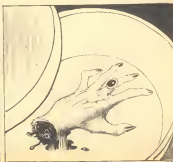
THE PUZZLEMENT THEN THE FEAR PLAYS ACROSS HIS FACE LIKE SHADY FIGURES ACROSS A BADLY-LIT STAGE. HIS EYES OPEN WIDE AS A CRUEL PERFUNCTORY NOTE MAKES CONTACT.



*I'm thinking you
were dead... some
work 'you'll pay
for talking back!*



WHY WHAT KIND OF ABSURD GAS IS THIS YOU'LL PAY FOR KILLING ME? STUPID FRANK... BUT GOOD LORD! THEN WHY IS MY HAND TREMBLING? WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE IN HERE THAT I SHOULD... **FEAR?** THIS IS RIDICULOUS! MY NIGHTMARES ARE GETTING THE BEST OF ME! YOU IDIOT, **OPEN THE BOX!**





GREETINGS AGAIN, DEAR FREAK! ALLOW ME TO SHOW YOU AROUND THE WORLD'S MOST ODDIOUS MAIL ROUTE! OF COURSE, IT HAS NO STAMP OF APPROVAL, BUT ALLOW ME TO POST A WARNING TO ALL YOU RAIN-OF-HEART / ON YARN ROUTE, PEOPLE HAVE SOME PRETTY FEARSOME THINGS DELIVERED TO THEIR DOOR. THINGS THAT REACH RIGHT OUT AND ENVELOPE YOU WITH FEAR, DONE MUCH WITH MR. MEN AS HAVE SEVERAL DISCOVERIES THAT THESE THINGS HAVE A TENDENCY TO KEEP COMING... AND COMING... AND COMING... LIKE THEY'RE ALL PART OF SOME STRANGE...

PACKAGE DEAL.

BUT HE SOON CHANGES HIS MIND, AS HIS RAGE OF HORROR IS SLOWLY REPLACED BY A CREEPING, SHOCKING REALIZATION...

OPERATOR, SET ME THE POLICE!
...YES, I'LL HOLD ON.

WAIT A MINUTE!...DEAR GOD NOW I KNOW WHAT IT ALL MEANS! MY MIND IS SUDDENLY SO CLEAR! THE HAND GOOD LORD, IT'S HER HAND! BUT HOW CAN IT BE??
DEAR JESUS!! I'M A MURDERER!

OPERATOR ON SECOND THOUGHT, NEVER MIND.

NOW I REMEMBER WE HAD ANOTHER ONE OF OUR FIGHTS, EXCEPT THAT THIS ONE TOUCHED OFF SOMETHING INSIDE ME THAT NIGHT, I-I JUST SNAPPED! THE CRAZY DAY-DREAM I'D BEEN HAVING OF KILLING MY WIFE SUDDENLY TOOK THE FORM OF REALITY!

I KNOW YOU CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF ME, MARSHA! YOU MAY THANK ME NOW THOUGH, MY LOVE! YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT IT AGAIN!

ONCE DEAD, MARSHA COULDN'T LIFT A FINGER TO STOP ME AS I CARRIED HER BODY INTO THE BATH-TUB AND SLOWLY DISMEMBERED IT WITH AN AXE...



STILL IN MY INSANE STATE I DUMPED THE PIECES OF THE BODY INTO A LAUNDRY BAG FROM THE HAMPER! IN MY OBSESSION I HADN'T THE PRESENCE OF MIND TO THINK TO DESTROY THE SACK, SO I RAN MADLY LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO HIDE IT...



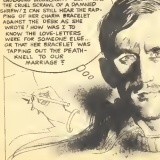
I STUFFED THE LAUNDRY BAG IN GOOD GOD! THE MAILBOX ON THE CORNER! BUT THAT WAS THREE YEARS AGO! WHY WASN'T THE SACK FOUND? WHY WASN'T I CAUGHT?



OF COURSE! THAT WAS THE MAILBOX THAT WAS DISCLOSED AND SWIFT AWAY IN THAT GREAT FLOOD THREE YEARS AGO! NO WONDER THEY NEVER FOUND MARSHA'S BODY... THEY NEVER FOUND THE MAILBOX!



I CAN STILL SEE THAT HAND OF HER'S PRODUCING THOSE BEAUTIFUL LOVE LETTERS! SMALL DANCY, WITH A HARDNESS TO ITS FEMININITY THAT AT FIRST SEEMED LIKE AN ELEGANT INCONGRUITY! BUT IT WAS THE CRUEL SCRAWL OF A DAMNED GURFW! I CAN STILL HEAR THE RAPPING OF HER CHARM BRACELET AGAINST THE DESK AS SHE WROTE! NOW WAS I TO KNOW THE LOVE-LETTERS WERE FOR SOMEONE ELSE... OR THAT HER BRACELET WAS TAPPING OUT THE PEATH-KNELL TO OUR MARRIAGE?



AND THAT NOTE, THE CLEVEREST TOUCH OF ALL! I IMITATED HER HANDWRITING IN A HISSOFF LETTER SO WELL THAT AFTERRARD NEITHER I NOR THE POLICE GRAPHOLOGISTS COULD TELL THE DIFFERENCE! BUT NOW I SEE IT...

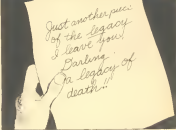


BUT THERE'S NO QUESTION ABOUT IT HER HAND WROTE THIS NOTE! BUT HOW CAN THAT BE? SHE'S DEAD! OR-OR CAN SHE BE GETTING HER REVENGE NOW, WRITING ME FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE???



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, NYMAN FEARS TO EVEN STEP OUTSIDE FOR FEAR THAT THE MYSTERIOUS MESSAGES MUST MAKE GOOD ITS THREAT HE IS NOT SHARED FROM THE HORRIBLE DELIVERIES, WHICH SEEK HIM OUT REGARDLESS

AND THE NOTES WHICH ACCOMPANY THE PACKAGES CONTINUE IN THEIR MACABRE SENSE OF HUMOR, ANNOUNCING THE CONTENTS OF EACH NIGHTMARE BOX.



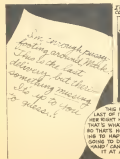
AS THE DAYS PASS WITH AGONIZING SURENESS, NYMAN BECOMES INURED TO THE SNACK OF RECEIVING THE PACKAGES...



ONE BY ONE THE COMPONENTS OF MARSHA NYMAN'S COARSE ARE RE-UNITED IN HER HUSBAND'S FURNACE... HE THRUSTS THE PACKAGES INTO THE FLAME AND DISCOVERS WHAT THEY CONTAIN ONLY AS THEY BURN.



AND IT IS THE CLANNING, GRASPING HAND WHICH APPEARS IN NYMAN'S DREAMS THAT MIGHT TO NAVIGATE HIM.



THIS IS THE LAST OF IT, EXCEPT HER RIGHT HAND! THAT'S WHAT SHE MEANT SO THAT'S HOW IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN. I'M GOING TO DIE BY HER HAND! CAN'T I STOP IT AT ALL?

HE WAITS BREATHLESSLY ALL THE NEXT DAY, UNTIL FINALLY, IT COMES... WHATEVER. IT IS. IT IS THE MOMENT HE AWAITS... THE MOMENT WHEN HE WILL FACE HIS WOULD-BE EXTERMINATOR...



HOURS PASS, AND THE UN-RELENTING RAIN CONTINUES ITS TERRIBLE DOWNPOUR... AT THE NYMAN'S, MARG NYMAN IS RETURNING HOME...

SHE UNLOCKS THE DOOR... IT OPENS, HER FOOT STRIKES SOMETHING, AND IT ROLLS INSIDE WHILE SHE GROPES FOR THE LIGHT SWITCH AND DISCOVERS...

...A HUMAN HEAD!!



HYSTERICAL SCREAMS ALERT NEIGHBORS, AND WITHIN HALF AN HOUR



DON'T YOU SEE
1967? IT WAS HIS
BIRTHDAY, THAT'S WHY
I GAVE HIM... I WAS AT
MY MOTHER'S. HE SAID
EVERYTHING WAS ALL
RIGHT! 1967! WHY WOULD
HE WANT, WHY ANY-
BODY'D WANT TO DO
SO GRACIOUSLY A
THING...

I'M SORRY
TO HAVE TO TELL
YOU THIS, BUT YOUR
HUSBAND'S FINGERPRINT
ARE ALL OVER THE
BOX... SINCE HE IS
MISSING...

I THINK WE'RE
TOO LATE! DARKENING
MUST'VE BLOWN THAT
MAILBOX RIGHT OVER. THEY
CAN BE PRETTY HEAVY
WHEN THEY'RE
FULL YOU KNOW!

AND ON A DRENCHED
WIND-SWEPT STREET
A FEW BLOCKS AWAY...



GET THE STRETCH-
ER OVER HERE, DOC. IS
HE GONNA MAKE IT?
THESE STORMS EVERY-
THING GOES NUTS IN 'EM!
GONNA HAVE ANOTHER
FLOOD, I'LL BET...



ANY
IDENTIFICATION?

NAME'S
NYMAN, MARK
NYMAN...

ANYTHING
ELSE?

JUST THIS
WE FOUND IT
LYING BESIDE
THE BODY...



WELL, THERE'S ONE
FELLOW WHOSE
STAMPING GROUND
FROM NO ONE'S DUE
TO BE THE DEPT. OF
JUSTICE! BUT WHAT CAN
YOU EXPECT FROM A GUY
WHO OVER RE-ACTED EVERY
TIME HE HAD AN ARGUE-
MENT WITH A FEMALE?
WELL, POSSIBLY THAT
ONE. WHILE I MAKE
A SPECIAL DELIVERY
OF OUR NEXT
TERROR-TRAIL...



MRS NYMAN, WE FOUND
THIS ON THE LAWN.
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA
WHAT IT IS?

THAT?
THAT'S HIS
BIRTHDAY PRESENT!
I WAS HAVING
IT DELIVERED
(GASP!)

HE'D WANT
THIS THAT MAILBOX
THAT DISAPPEARED
THREE YEARS AGO?
NEVER SEEN ANY-
THING LIKE IT...



HEY LOOK!
THAT CRAZY
SIGN THOSE KIDS
PAINTED ON
THIS BOX...

Dracula

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of
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ALL NEW
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of
SUSPENSE,
HORROR
and
FANTASY





ITS REELING
ANOTHER
REALM OF THE DEAD
N BE WRITHING UNDER
TWISTING TO ITS WARPED
EVER SMILE, IT COULDN'T
IT HAS WAITED FOR TEN
AS IT WILL WAIT FOR TEN
THE WHY WAS DEATH...



SHE SLEEPS AN ETERNAL
SLEEP...AND SHE WAITS...WAITS FOR THE
VYI TO COME TO HER...TO TAKE HER
SLENDER HAND AND GUIDE HER THROUGH
THE REGIONS OF DEATH...

AND THE VYI WILL COME FOR
MELINDA DAWN... FOR MELINDA SLEEPS
THE RESTLESS SLEEP OF THE UNDEAD!

SHE WILL WALK ONCE AGAIN...
BUT SHE WILL WALK THE CAREFUL
STEPS OF A HUNGRY HUNTER!

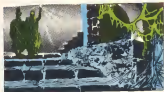
AND SHE WILL THIRST... BUT THE COOL
TASTE OF WATER WILL NOT SATISFY HER...
ONLY THE WARM HEAVY LIQUID OF CRIMSON
BLOOD WILL QUENCH THE APPETITE OF
MELINDA DAWN... VAMPIRE!!

THE VYI

ART AND STORY BY ESTEBAN MAROTO



QUIETLY, ALMOST
SOMBERLY,
THE TWO
MEN ENTER
THE ANCIENT
MANSION,
AND DESCEND
TO ITS
LOWEST
DEPTHS...



MR. KING...
IT'S MY DAUGHTER...
SHE DIED THIS NIGHT...
BUT IT IS THE DEATH
OF THE UNDEAD!
YOU MUST HELP
HER... PLEASE!

PLEASE...
DO NOT LET ME
VAMPIRE CONTROL
HER... FOR HER SAKE...
LET HER DIE IN
BLESSED HEAVEN.

THOMAS KING FOLLOWS THE OLD MAN
THROUGH THE DARKENED CRYPT... SEEING
HOW HUNGRY RATS SCURRY BACK AND
FORTH DRAWING OF A FEAST OF ROT-
TING FLESH...



AND THEN
HE SEES HER...
MELINDA, DAWN...
MORE BEAUTIFUL
THAN ANY WOMAN
HE HAS EVER
SEEN BEFORE...
GOD HOW THE
HEAVENS MUST
BE CRYING NOW
THAT SUCH A
LOVELY CREATURE
IS IN THE
POSSESSION OF THE
GOD OF THE
UNDERWORLD!!






KING IS
ALONE NOW...
AND HE WILL SOON
BEGIN HIS FEARFUL
WORK... BUT THE GIRL
IS SO LOVELY...
SO HYPNOTIZINGLY
BEAUTIFUL... "NO!"
HE THINKS HE CAN
NOT KILL HER...
**MELINDA DAWN
MUST NEVER
DIE!!**


BUT KING
KNOWS THAT CAN
NEVER BE... SHE
IS A VAMPIRE... SHE
WILL SOON RISE AND
STALK THE INNOCENTS
WHO WALK THE STREETS
ALIVE... HE MUST KILL
HER... NOW! BEFORE
IT IS TOO LATE...
**BEFORE SHE
OPENS HER
EYES!!**



THEN SUDDENLY
KING SEES HIS HOPES
ARE GONE... HE HAS
STARED IN HELPLESS
FASCINATION OF THE
BEAUTIFUL GIRL TOO LONG...
FOR HER EYES
OPEN... HER
HANDS BEGIN
TO RISE...



HER LIPS TREMBLE FOR A MOMENT...
AND THEN SHE RISES TO HER FEET...
HER DEATHY FRAME COLD WITH THE
HORRORS OF HELL ITSELF... KING
STARES, TOO TERRIFIED TO MOVE...
HE CAN ONLY WATCH... AND PRAY...



HER CRIMSON LIPS PART AND
REVEAL TWO LONG VENOMOUS
FANGS... FANGS THAT WILL SOON
BITE INTO THE WARM FLESH OF
MAN... OF THOMAS KING.



SHE CALLS
FOR THE LEGIONS
OF THE DAMNED...
AND WITH THE FIRST
SIGHT OF THESE
DEMONS OF DEATH,
KING SCREAMS A
LONG TERRIFYING
SCREAM THAT
SHATTERS EVEN THE
OWLS OF THIS
HELL-STEAM NIGHT.



MELINDA DAWN DANCES
THE DANCE OF THE DEAD,
AND SHE CALLS UPON THE
IMMORTAL POW TO GIVE TO
HER A MATE FOR ETERNITY...



ALL AT ONCE KING STOPS.
HE'S FRIGHTENED RETREAT.
HE UNDERSTANDS WHAT
THE LOVED ONE WANTS...
SHE WISHES FOR HIM...
SHE WISHED FOR HIS COME
ANY THROUGHOUT ALL TIME...



KING KNOWS THERE WILL BE A MOMENT
OF PAIN WHEN HE CROSSES THE
THRESHOLD FROM LIFE INTO DEATH...
AND HE WANTS FOR THAT GENTLE
PRICKING OF HIS SKIN TO TELL
HIM HE IS HERE...

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PANG YOU SO MUCH FOR TALKING
BUT I'M REALLY GONNA PUT THE BITS
ON YOU WITH THE CHOKER, DON'T
WOLF IT DOWN NOW...

HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE

GOD
ALMIGHTY!

AWWWRRRR!!

DANIEL KRAFT HAD NOT SEEN THE WOLF TILL HE HIT IT. THE
BEAST HAD LEAPT SNARLING FROM SHROUD-BLACK
FOULAGE.

WHAT
HAPPENED...OH
MY GOD!
BROTHER!

BIGGEST
DAMN THING I'VE
EVER SEEN.



THE STRANGER, BENT OVER THE WOLF'S CARCASS, SOBING, HANDS CLENCHED IN ANGUISH

THERE WAS NOTHING MORE TO BE SAID. HRAFT DROVE SLOWLY ON, CATCHING A FINAL GLIMPSE OF THE STRANGER PET BEING SOLEMNLY CARRIED TO A RUN-DOWN SHACK.

...MY PET, WHY DID YOU...?

I'M DEEPLY SORRY HE APPEARED FROM NOWHERE. IT WAS AN ACCIDENT.

WELL, THIS IS IT. PENTAGON, NEBRASKA. IF I REMEMBER RIGHT, GRACE'S HOME IS A FEW STREETS UP.

HRAFT'S WIFE WELCOMED HIM HEARTILY. HER EMBRACE TOLD DANIEL SHE DESPERATELY NEEDED HIS COMPANY FOR A TIME. HER HUSBAND'S FUNERAL WAS ONLY TWO DAYS PAST.

OH, IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU, DAN.

HOW'S DOTTY TAKING IT, GRACE?



I THINK IT'S MADE HER MORE WITHDRAWN. DOTTY'S ALWAYS BEEN DIFFERENT FROM CHILDREN. NOW DOCTOR HUDSON WANTS HER PUT UNDER... PSYCHIATRIC CARE.

BUT I JUST CAN'T!

IT MUST BE A SHOCK TO HER, LOSING HER FATHER. LINE THAT PERHAPS SHE'LL GET OVER IT.

GRACE, YOU WEREN'T TOO SPECIFIC OVER THE PHONE. WHAT EXACTLY KILLED BILL?



HE WAS CLAIMED TO DEATH BY SOME ANIMAL. SHERIFF BLESSED A WOLF.



A WOLF? I RAN OVER A HUGE WOLF TONIGHT. BELONGED TO A RAGGED-LOOKING MAN WHO LIVES IN A SHACK ON THE EDGE OF TOWN. HE CALLED THE BEAST "BROTHER".



TOWNSPEOPLE SUSPECTED IT WAS ISAAC DRAGUES' BEAST THAT... HE'S DEAD? GOOD! JUSTICE!

BUT ISAAC'S WOLF WASN'T NAMED BROTHER. HE CALLED IT "GORE".



I'M SO TIRED, DAN. LET ME SHOW YOU TO THE GUEST ROOM. THEN I'VE GOT TO SLEEP.



EASY. I'LL HELP ALL I CAN UNTIL WE'RE OVER THIS.

SUNRISE STACCATO RINGS INTERRUPTED A SILENT BREAKFAST



SPACE? THIS'S POLLY. THOUGHT
YOU'D LIKE T' KNOW SHERIFF
JUST FOUND ISAAC GRABER LYIN'
DEAD IN FRONT'VE HIS BACK.
YEAH, GORE WAS STRETCHED
OUT JUST BESIDE 'IM



"THE OTHER CHILDREN
WOULD NEVER PLAY WITH
DOTTY, SHE'D TRY TO HURT
THEM - OR TORTURE THEM."



"SHE ALWAYS RAN OFF ALONE INTO THE WOODS. ONCE I FOLLOWED HER. DAW... SHE WAS PLAYING WITH THAT HORRIBLE WOLF. IT WOULDN'T HARM HER, BUT I WAS TERRIFIED."

"O' MON, GORE, FETCH!"

"EAST GRACE MAYBE DOTTY'S GOING THROUGH SOME TERRIBLE PHASE OF PRE-ADOLESCENCE. LET'S WAIT AWHILE BEFORE SEEKING PROFESSIONAL HELP."

"IF ONLY THINGS WERE SIMPLER, DAN. SIMPLER."

"SHE HAD SOME KIND OF EMPATHY WITH THE THING."

A WEEK PASSED, WISHING TO APPRECIATE SOME LOCAL COLOR, KRAFT SOON FOUND HIMSELF IN A MODEST PUB.

"YOU'RE GRACE'S BROTHER, AREN'T YOU? MIND IF I HAVE A SEAT?"

"NAME'S MARCH. I GIVEN BILL AN' FUL THING WNA HAPPENED TO HIM I MEAN. WE ALL KNEW DRAGUE'S WOLF DID IT. SHERIFF HAD NO PROOF, TROUGH..."

"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ISAAC DRAGUE?"

"AAR, A HANDMAN BARELY MAKING IT IN A TUMBLEDOWN, WEATHERBEATEN SHACK. FUNNY HE USED TO HAVE A BROTHER, LIVING WITH HIM, BUT THE FELLOW LEFT YEARS AGO PROWLIN' FOR BETTER PICKINS."

SOON AFTER, THAT DAMN WOLF SHOWED UP."

HELL, THEY'RE DEAD
AN' BURIED NOW... SIDE
BY SIDE IN BACK OF THE
OLD SHACK. DRAGUE
ALWAYS SAID HE WANTED
IT THAT WAY.



STRANGE,
EXTREMELY
SO.

GRACE WAS WAITING FOR HIM AT THE
HOUSE, DISTRAUGHT, TREMBLING...

OH, SHE'S
RUN OFF 'DOTTY.'
DO YOU THINK SHE
WENT TO...



THE SENTENCE WAS COMPLETED BY
SILENT, TANGIBLE FEAR. KRAFT CALMED
HER AS BEST HE COULD.

I'LL DRIVE
AROUND, GRACE.
I'M SURE TO
LOCATE HER.



HE DROVE STRAIGHT TO THE SHACK.
GLOOMY, REPULSIVE... EVEN BY DAY.



[SOMEHOW
GRACE FINDS
HER OUT IN BACK.

SHE STOOD IN SILENT REVERIE, ABSORBED
IN THE HASTY TWIN GRAVES, EYES DEVOURING
A MOST UNCANON SCENE.





TIME TO GO, DOTTY. DO YOU KNOW YOUR MOTHER IS WORRIED SICK ABOUT YOU?

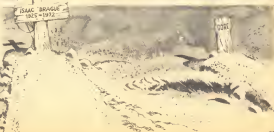
JUST WAIT, GORE AN' WE'LL BE TOGETHER AGAIN, PLAYING. WAIT AND SEE.

HOLES! THAT'S THE ANSWER. THE AREA COULD WELL BE INFESTED BY THEM. GRUESOME SIGHT, THOUGH.

THE STORM BEAT AT THE HOUSE UNRELENTINGLY, UNLEASHING A BILLION SHRIEKING CURSES OF RAIN ON ROOF AND PAVES. ITS HYSTERIC WARNING WAS AUDIBLE, YET UNHEEDED.



AND BENEATH POOLS OF SLIMY MUD, THE TUNNEL OF THE... HOLE?... CONTINUED THE FURROW SLOWLY HEARD THE DIRT-SOFTENED ADJOINING GRAVE.





DID YOU KNOW
ISAAC DRASKE HAD
A BROTHER?

DID HE EVER
RETURN?

NO, AND NO ONE
CARED. (ISAAC KILLED
HIM, BUT I GUESS HE
REPLACED RAYMOND
WITH THAT AWFUL
WOLF. MAYBE IT WAS
THE SAME ONE THAT
BIT RAY.)

BUT NO, HE
WOULDN'T
GOTTEN RID OF IT
(ISAAC LOVED HIS
BROTHER. WONDER
IF THEY MEET IN
TOWN?)

C YES RAYMOND. I
LAST SAW HIM TWO YEARS
AGO, HE WAS LEAVING FOR THE
CITY HOSPITAL, WITH A
RIDICULOUS BANDAID ON HIS
ARM. CLAIMED TO HAVE BEEN
BITTEN BY SOME ANIMAL.

THE JOYOUS SCREAMING PARALYZED
THEM, AND THEY COULD NOT MOVE
UNTIL THE LITTLE GIRL HAD BOOTED
FROM THE HOUSE INTO THE RAINY,
BANGSH-WHO STREET.

WAIT FOR
ME, I'M GOING
OUT AFTER
HER.

DOTTY!



A FULL MOON!
IT'S... ALL THE
MIRACLES.



WHY IS SHE
GOING BACK
THERE? WHY?

A MASS OF POTHOLES AND MUDDY DITCHES IMPEDED THE CAR'S PROGRESS. KRAFT KNEW THE CHILD HAD BEATEN HIM TO THE SHACK EVEN BEFORE HE HEARD THE TURBULENT CITY.

IT'S FINISHED!

DOTTY... FOR GOD'S SAKE, LET'S GET OUT OF THIS DOWNPOUR.

THEY'RE TOGETHER AGAIN... JUST LIKE OLD TIMES.



LISTEN! WHATEVER YOU'RE THINKING... IT'S ALL FANTASY! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND THAT?

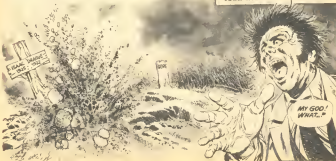
ISAAC AND RAYMOND, MR. DRASQUE AND GORE... THEY'RE GONNA PLAY WITH ME...

NOW HEAR ME OUT! YOU'RE THINKING RAYMOND DRASQUE WAS BITTEN BY A WEREWOLF AND THAT HE BECAME ONE, DOTTY... IT'S ALL YOUR IMAGINATION.



FOR THE FIRST TIME, KRAFT NOTICED THE FURROW HAD COMPLETELY JOINED THE TWIN GRAVES.

THEN HE GAZED AT THE ORSCENE DRIPPING WOUND RISING FROM DAMP, SOGGY EARTH.



MY GOD! WHAT..?

BORN OF INSANE, UNDYING WILL... SUPERNATURAL ENERGIES
 GOD KNOWS WHAT... IT REARED UP FROM THE CRUMBING
 GRAVE A ROTTING, INTERWOVEN HORROR.

SEEKING VENGEANCE ON THE MORTAL WHO DARED KILL THEM.
 IT.



YAAA-AAA!!

FETCHING LASS,
 ISN'T SHE BRINGS OUT
 THE WOLF IN ME...





THE CRITIC'S CRYPT

HORROR TIMES TEN

Edited by Alden H. Morris
176 pages, Bantam Books, \$24

The book and its companion volume, "Masters of Horror," are the two most highly recommended items in this batch of reviews.

Assisted with special and fascinating historical annotations about the books' 10 authors, supplied by Sci-Fi historian Sam Moskowitz, Alden has compiled a book you will want to keep.

The whole plan was to gather together great stories new (or not recently) reprinted in book form. Finding an unknown Ray Bradbury story is a neat trick, but "The Frank Lady" wouldn't make a bad movie of the Week-TV take note!

Conan's mentor, Robert E. Howard, is represented with a better title yet: "The Dead Remember," a cowboy supernatural yarn. All-time great western pulp writer Max Brand's "That Raging Bore," is a science fiction western story. And another "bad" fact: a Captain of the "Pole Star," sort of a Prince of the Ancient Mariner replete with a chilling ghost—written by the logical creator of Sherlock Holmes, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

There's Robert Bloch's rib-tickling grim "Skeleton in the Closet," and make no bones about it, Bloch's "Skeleton" is pretty spiky.

"Cool Air," by H.P. Lovecraft, is a little too cool. But Hulse Adams Grant's "The Dead Valley" is moodily backed out with "seasonal trees" and ravenous rats enough to make Willard and Ben throw up their paws and audition at Disney World.

MASTERS OF HORROR

Edited by Alden H. Morris
182 pages, Bantam Books, \$24

As in "Horror Times 10," Sam Moskowitz has supplied information about the authors that is almost as fascinating as the stories are themselves, and the stories were again picked on two qualifications—rarity and quality.

There are true stories here and one of them "The Were-Wolf" is a short novel by Clarence Houseman. There's a second werewolf yarn "Dracula's Guest" by Bram Stoker, a chapter actually left out of "Dracula" but it holds up well on its own.

There's a novella by "Frankenstein's Mother" Mary W. Shelley, "The Transformation," a fine find for hard fans. And there's another Bradbury find, "The Candy Skull," set in Mexico as many of his best stories are.

"A Piece of Linoleum," by David H. Keller, M.D., is a particularly shattering psychological horror short, that does most its realism to the fact that Keller was a practicing psychiatrist at the country, before World War One.

"The Yellow Sign" by Robert W. Chambers, certainly does itself when the main character at one point opens a window overlooking New York's Washington Square Park, and takes a whiff of "fresh air." But the story holds up well, as does A. Merritt's fine story of elvish tree sprites, "Women at the Wood."

Hold up this book!

WARLOCKS AND WARRIORS

Edited by L. Sprague de Camp
225 pages, Bantam Books, \$24

If you're the sort who likes to daydream up new worlds, but who can't quite think of what monstrosities you care to people your fantasy with, the gents who wrote the stories in this book can no doubt lobotomize a couple of possible demons and workable worlds to insert their mysterious land between your ears.

There are 10 sword-and-sorcery yarns in this anthology, and none of them is a dud. Each describes (as editor De Camp puts it, "An imaginary world more or less ancient or medieval in aspect, where magic works and where modern science and technology has not yet been discovered. Sorcerers cast sinister spells from subterranean lairs, baleful spirits stalk primitive monsters crash and the fate of kingdoms is balanced on the blades of bloody broadswords."

There's a tale of that Pagan psychopathic hero Solomon Kane, "The Hills of the Dead," by Conan's creator, Robert E. Howard. There's "Thruve's House," a rollicking G.K. Mouse tale by Fritz Leiber. "Turatsi," a story set in Conan's time by Ray Casella, a talented new writer, and another "new face" in fiction Roger Zelazny, is represented with "The Bell of Shoredan." Old Masters include H.G. Wells' "Valley of the Sphero," Clark Ashton Smith's "Master of the Crabs," and C.L. Moore's "Black God's Kiss."

WIZARDS AND WARLOCKS

edited by Vic Gheisla
Master Books, \$24

The mark of the successful magician has been to create illusions which appear to be induced supernaturally. Of course, we know that all these tricks have natural explanations. So it remained for such imaginative fantasy writers as Robert "Psycho" Bloch, August Derleth, Clark Ashton Smith, E. Hoffmann Price, Bruce Elliott, M.H. James, L. Ron Hubbard and Richard Marsh to conjure up some of fiction's mightiest super-wizards summoning unnatural monsters and abominations from unknown worlds to do their evil bidding. They are all present in "Wizards and Warlocks."

Robert Bloch, under the strong influence of H.P. Lovecraft, writes of devilish wizardry at the New Orleans' Mardi Gras. Bloch parts the black and green curtains to reveal "The Secret of Sebas," one of the strangest warlocks in supernatural fiction. He had the body of an Egyptian priest. And the head of a crocodile.

Vic Gheisla, who scored with such anthologies as "The Little Monsters," "Beware the Beasts," "Horror Hunters," "Venus Factor" and others, has again made a fine choice of assembling a superior bag of literary legendmen. We suggest you pick up a copy of "Wizards and Warlocks" real soon before they disappear in a puff of smoke.



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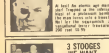
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EAST SIDE KIDS MEET BELA LUGOSI

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A giant monster is sent to Earth. 200 feet. Only 10 days.



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A giant monster is sent to Earth. 200 feet. Only 10 days.



TARANTULA

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VAMPIRE & THE BALLERINA

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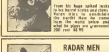
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A giant monster is sent to Earth. 200 feet. Only 10 days.



VARAN THE UNBELIEVABLE

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A giant monster is sent to Earth. 200 feet. Only 10 days.



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A giant monster is sent to Earth. 200 feet. Only 10 days.



GIORAH

A giant monster is sent to Earth. 200 feet. Only 10 days.



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A giant monster is sent to Earth. 200 feet. Only 10 days.



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A giant monster is sent to Earth. 200 feet. Only 10 days.



CURSE (RETURN) OF DRACULA

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A giant monster is sent to Earth. 200 feet. Only 10 days.



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A giant monster is sent to Earth. 200 feet. Only 10 days.



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A giant monster is sent to Earth. 200 feet. Only 10 days.



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A giant monster is sent to Earth. 200 feet. Only 10 days.



MASTER OF HORROR

A giant monster is sent to Earth. 200 feet. Only 10 days.



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WRITER'S PROFILE: JOHN WARNER



"Jugular" John Warner, whose "Death Wish" appears on p. 23. His next story for **WARNER**, "Thru These Gates Pass," will be appearing soon.

Images, mind bleeds memories, complaining. Born John Dell Jenkins, Dec. 3, 1952—Sagittarius the Archer! Family consists of my mother, a sister (Estelle), and a brother (Edward). I was the youngest. Lived almost my entire life in the Santa Cruz mountains, somewhere in California, just this side of the Twilight Zone.

Early days spent drunk on equal portions of imagination and Grandfather's marvelous story-telling ability—he having been a missionary with the headhunting tribes up the Amazon. Ah, his private library. I forgot how thrilling the stories were here were the illustrations of Arthur Rackham. Weylin, a Dane whose name I can't remember but whose illustrations gave me mad, wonderful nightmares. But it was those prints of the brilliant Maxfield Parrish that sent my head out, never to return.

Other early diversions—Walt Disney comic books (which I got free by the box, loads), music (primarily jazz, Broadway musicals and the Big Band-Tommy Dorsey-Benny Goodman stuff), Chuck Jones cartoons and acting out my own stories. My name was legally changed when I was seven to John David Warner.

The sixties! A TV set moved into our house and conceded to let us watch it. Wow! New worlds. Chuck Jones in my own living room!

Gerry Anderson puppets and Jay Ward cartoons. Religious sermons every Saturday afternoon. (Estelle got away from that, dull!) There go Mercury and Gemini—heck, I missed Sputnik. Also, I took up the Coroner, getting eventually into jazz and composing before braces cut short what might have become a career.

I and mother were staying with a family in Saltillo, Mexico for the Summer of '63. I, with an acquaintance named Chewy, was taking in a real, honest-to-Bradbury carnival and death show. It was this event that put me on the road to writing horror—and served as the inspiration for **DEATHWISH** (Creepy #511). Also, that same Summer, I finally discovered the four-color-dream-tapestries called comic books. Up to this point I had only seen the Walt Disney stuff. Now I was hooked for life.

People who have helped me along on my career are numerous, an instructor at Santa Cruz High School was of immense help, working privately with me for three years. It was his own enthusiasm over my writing skills that kept me going and got me to where I am now! In 1971, I attended my first comics convention and met one Mike Friedrich who worked with me and introduced my work to Julie Schwartz. Julie, in spite of my being 3000 miles away, was willing to work with me—which eventually produced one Flash comic and hopefully more scripts in the future. One thing I did discover—you want to write comic books, you live in New York City. I now live in Manhattan, writing for Warren, National and Gold Key!

Favorite writers—Ray Bradbury, Jorge Luis Borges, Nick Kazanakis, Steve Skeates, Roy Thomas, Denny O'Neil. Favorite artists—Maxfield Parrish, Windsor McCay, Mura, Gray Morrow, Alex Toth, Neal Adams, Bob Peak, etc. My great ambition in life is to become a corpse. Until then, I shall be quite happy writing comic books and other depraved things. Peace!

MONSTER

Come and get me, you Gringo Pig!—AGGARH! The bandito fell backwards off the rampart. An arrow pierced his neck. He was the last of the bandit gang, and all Grant had to do was get his corpse from the old Spanish Mission and throw it on the pack horse with the other corpses. Then he could collect the bounty. The state of Texas would pay high for the bandits. Yep, and he could get good money for the bandelero's Gating gun on the rampart. He had four bodies on the horse already. What if it collapsed from the weight? No matter. He would walk, and put two corpses on the horse he rode. Then came the noise.

Stump. It was like a sucking, licking sound, and it came from the old fort. Was the bandit alive? No. Then came a slithering noise which promptly vanished. What in—

Grant dropped the bow he'd used to kill the bandit and drew his .45. He walked his horse to the Mission, and moved cautiously inside.

"Oh God," Grant whispered. There was the body of the bandit. Half the flesh was missing. Grant bent down and touched the grinning, half-fleshed skull. There was something amiss.

Saliva. Something had eaten the flesh off him. It, or whatever you call a corpse.

"Nayah!" It sounded like a battle outside the deserted mission. His horse! Even more important, his bounty!

Grant raced outside. The horses were dead, both of them. But eaten partly, when they were still alive. The resurrection rose in Grant's throat but he forced it back.

The outlaws' corpses, where were they?

Grant saw three of them half-eaten, just sprawled in the dust. Where was the fourth corpse? Grant saw the fourth's legs being pulled beneath the wall of the fort. Something was dragging him. Grant ran over. A'st drawn, then, he confronted a giant, slug-like reptile. It had stubby legs and arms, and a lime-like substance covering it. Grant watched its tongue shoot out, grab the bandito's face, and devour it, slowly pulling off the flesh.

Then, the beast sniffed blood. Fresh blood. Grant's blood. Grant stood astonished, unable to move. A giant tongue lashed out and wrapped around Grant's face. It was smothering him, and the disgusting thing's saliva pushed him to the brink of madness. Grant felt the flesh of his ears being pulled away.

Widely Grant fled, into or musing the reptilian horror. He fired until he was out of bullets, and still fired, swinging madly for his life. Then Grant backed out.

Grant awoke with rain splashing his face. It was drizzling. But he was alive and a reptilian horror from the dawn of time was dead. Next to him lay the corpse of the dead. Seven bullets had made their mark in his fleshy body. The creature's green blood wearily distorted the Texas soil.

"Just my luck," grumbled Grant. "Dead horse, it's raining, and I don't get no bounty money on those chewed-up bandeleros' skulls!"

Grant started to stumble the 15 miles to the next town. J.C. Bartholomew Del Gallo

image in a puddle

It was a magnificently dreary wet day. The sky was a half-dead pallid gray as the clouds impressed themselves on the air like a maddened mob. A state-guy sky told of a mythical absence of life and a cold wire, chilled in an enormous ice-box, blew anemically and feebly over the land. The cries of birds half sick from the heavy air grew on the rocks.

From the solitary cliff-house there was nothing to see but jagged stone and a vast expanse of sea. In the false dusk, the cold light of the house could be perceived.

No rain fell. It would have been a reprieve from the bone-dead weather now enveloping the cliff-house. There was no motion outside the house. None at all. Large puddles from previous rains dotted the pavement. They intensified the monstrous gloom of

the whole scene.

The endless band of sea crept in towards land. Then it beat furiously off the rocks for attention. It would not cease for a moment its tattoo of hateful bombardment.

The puddles reflected the figure of a monocular man groping from the house. All in gray he was as he travelled out from an old cobblestoned path and looked over the cliff at the burning sea. He watched the unending restlessness of ocean. His hand reached out for his head. Then he began to walk back to the house. Just as he closed the door he heard a single plop. The puddle-mass wavered and danced as the house shook. Then with an ominous crash, the house in the puddle collapsed in on itself.

Paul G Ellis

A VERY LOVELY GHOST

My name is Harry Tredark, and I'm a famous investigator. GHK! roars the reader. NOT THAT OLD HACKNEYED PLOT AGAIN! Well, this is not that same old fraudulent ghost story. No, this is a fully fake ghost story. Read on.

I entered through the front door of the dimly lit mansion, and immediately wished I hadn't come. It was not the spectral moaning, the rattle of chains, the heavy footsteps or the glowing, screaming figures that raced through the living room that made me regret my decision, but the smell. The old place smelled like a sewer, and I had promised to stay there until I solved the mystery of the haunted house.

I opened my kit bag to find the remedy to this situation. It took me so long to find it—I feared I had lost it—but at last it was uncovered. I placed the clothespin on my nose and sighed with relief. I was now free to work without worry.

I worked and waited for hours with no incident other than the usual slamming doors and hands groping for my throat through hidden portals in the wall. Then I somehow sensed a supernatural presence on the second floor. I do not know how I sensed it, but of this I am sure: it was not the footsteps, the loud singing ("Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious"), or the balch which warned me of the presence. I detected it through some sixth sense, some undefined apparatus through which silent stealthy ghosts make themselves known.

I raced up the stairs, scarcely able to breathe. I was so excited. Then I remembered the clothespin and removed it. I breathed once more.

I ran madly through the upstairs hall, and found myself confronted with a door. By that sixth sense I knew that the answer to the puzzle lay behind that creaky paneled door, and that I must open it. I flung it wide and leapt in with a shout of "Ah-ha, so YOU'RE the culpr—"

At that instant I was deal-

ened by a horrendous scream which issued from the mouth of the lady in mid dress whom I confronted in that ghastly room. When I say mid-dress I mean just that she was clad only up to her lovely waist. After taking an exciting stare at her unconcealed charms I chastely covered my eyes in order not to further anger her as I left rapidly.

As I closed the door I whirled just in time to face some grisly ghoulish monstrosity, a monstrosity risen from the depths of Heck to torture the living already damned to eternal torment in those fiery caverns. He stepped forward ax in hand and chanted "May I ask who you are?" I knew not the proper answer to this hideous ritualistic chant, so I kept my mouth shut. "Honey, has this pervert done anything to you?" Bobo, issued from the chamber of the ghosts. My adversary snarled and swung the ax at me. I dodged, and then started the strangest battle I have ever fought. He hacked viciously at me again and again, but always I managed to avoid death at the last possible instant.

Then the maiden, now fully clothed, opened her door and leveled a sinister, phantasmic firearm at me. She took careful aim and fired the rifle, the recoil hurling her out the window of the room in which I had first encountered her charming smile to land with a sickening crunch on the earth below. And the shot? Her aim was shaky, so that one moment I was looking at an aa-swinging opponent, and the next at a headless corpse that somersaulted down the stairs. I had rid the mansion of its ghosts. EPILOGUE: When I accompanied Mrs. Crowley to the mansion she had recently inherited and which I had recently ghost-cleaned, a most interesting thing happened. She started to turn in at the house next door to the one I had cleaned, thinking it to be the one she had inherited. Even after I corrected her, she insisted and lives to this very day in the wrong house.

Randall Holmberg

CHILDREN LEARN TO READ BY READING CREEPY



For several years now, Educators have believed that Children who are new readers will learn better and more quickly if they are given books they are interested in to read. One teacher in Bensville, California, gave his students English and Spanish editions of CREEPY, EERIE, and VAMPIRELLA, and hopes they would learn to read both languages. According to the teacher, the students' reading ability has been improving.

HIM

Bound in heavy chains, he was brought into the arena and thrown upon its sand covered floor. At a signal from His Imperial Majesty, two splendidly attired guards removed his shackles and handed him a short dagger. They left him alone in the vast enclosure to face what was to come. He was a rather disheveled fellow dressed in rags, his hair long and matted. Beside the Imperial box, a squadron of trumpeters rose and produced a resounding fanfare, announcing the beginning of the games. His Imperial Majesty rose to address the crowd.

"To celebrate this auspicious occasion, I have arranged a spectacle for your pleasure. It is an Imperial order that you enjoy yourselves." On the other end of the arena, two thick iron gates were opened. From

behind them, a lone gladiator appeared on a white steed. He wore gold armor and carried a spear in one hand. Sparkling from its hilt was a jeweled saber. The crowd set up a tremendous cheer for this was their champion. With a riding whip, he sent his horse thundering toward the peasant-like figure huddled against the wall. Holding out his dagger, the victim prepared to meet the oncoming attack. With one mighty thrust, the champion buried his spear in his opponent. The crowd went wild with excitement, cheering and throwing garlands to their hero. Choking on his own blood, the victim made one last supreme effort to stand, and then died. The conquest had ended. The last human being on earth had been killed.

L.R. Slater

THE MAN WHO READS CREEPY

What does the typical CREEPY reader look like? Well, he's tall, sort of... sometimes he is short, sometimes he is... well... we can't describe what the typical reader looks like, but Cleveland Reader of Norman, Oklahoma sends in his version of our fearsome fans.



CURE WRITER'S CRAMP!

This morning the mailman only delivered seven-hundred and fifty letters addressed to Uncle CREEPY! Get that writing hand busy! Address all letters to:

Address these letters to:
CREEPY'S FAN CLUB
c/o Warren Publishing Co.
245 East 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10015



THE SWEETSCENT OF MORNING CRISPNESS
IS REPOLATE UPON THE AIR AND SHE
AWAKENS, IN A BED OF ROSES...

PRETTY ROSES TO
GREET ME FROM SLEEP
LIKE BLOSSOMING
FRIENDS... FRIENDS TELLING
ME IT'S ALL RIGHT,
EVERYTHING'S FINE!

DREAMS RECEDE,
CAPITULATE TO
INPLACABLE REALITY,
AND SHE LONGS FOR
HER SOOTHING...

BED of ROSES

SHE AWAKENS AND VISION CLEARS, FANTASY FADES, AND HER BED OF BELOVED ROSES IS
NAUGHT BUT TITULAR...

MY BEAUTIFUL ROSES, DINGY BEDSHEETS...
GONE, NO MORE FRIENDS TO ASSURE ME
IT'S ALL RIGHT... THEY'VE LEFT ME...
LIKE ALL MY FRIENDS...

ROSE! GET UP!
YOU'LL BE LATE
FOR WORK!

SHE SHUFFLES DOWN THE NARROW HALLWAY, HER EYES BLEARY, SLEEP ONLY A FRIEND WHO HAS ONCE AGAIN FORSAKEN HER...

YES, MOTHER, I'M UP I WON'T BE LATE FOR WORK!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU WON'T BE LATE? IT'S PAST EIGHT RIGHT NOW! HONESTLY, ROSE, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT YOU!

THE BATHROOM—FOUR WALLS, TILED, PERPENDICULAR AND OPPRESSIVE... SHE BRUSHES HER HAIR AND TEETH IN—THE BATHROOM...



BATHROOM IS SO SMALL... CROWDING ME, DOESN'T WANT ME TO BREATHE—TO BLOSSOM...

STIFLING, LIKE THE CLOSET... THE CLOSET INTO WHICH NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRLS ARE CONFINED FOR COMMITTING INSCRUTABLE TRANSGRESSIONS AGAINST DOMINANT AUTHORITY...



MOMMY! LET ME OUT, MOMMY! IT'S SMALL IN HERE, MOMMY, SO SMALL! THERE'S NO ROOM TO BREATHE! I WON'T RUN AWAY AGAIN, MOMMY! I PROMISE—JUST LET ME...

MOTHER—AUSTERE, DISGRUNTLED, IMPATIENT CONCERNED ONLY BECAUSE HER ROUTINE HAS BEEN INTERRUPTED—MOTHER...

YOU'RE NOT STARTING THAT AGAIN, ARE YOU? YOU'RE TWENTY YEARS OLD, ROSE! AND YOU CAN'T GROW UP! YOU'RE CRAZY, ROSE. YOU KNOW THAT? YOU'RE CRAZY!



I-I'M SORRY MOTHER... I JUST GOT FRIGHTENED HERE IN THE CLOSET... IT'S SO SMALL...

CLOSET? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? CLOSET? YOU WERE IN THE BATHROOM, ROSE, THE BATHROOM!



YES, MOTHER, THE BATHROOM... THAT'S WHAT I SAID... THE BATHROOM'S TOO SMALL, I HAVE TO GO TO WORK NOW, MOTHER. WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME I WAS LATE?



... OUT! LET ME OUT, MOMMY! I CAN'T BREATHE, I'M AFRAID...



THE STREET—CONCRETE GORGE
CLEAVING THROUGH HIGH-RISE
STEEL AND GLASS MOUNTAINS,
PUSTLING HARRIED FACES
STREAMING THROUGH SIMULATED
CANYONS—THE STREET...

GREY EVERYTHING'S
SO GREY, NO FLOWERS,
NO GREEN, NO PRETTIES...
NO OPEN ROLLING MEADOWS,
RIPPLING STREAMS DAPPLED
AND SHIMMERING WITH SUNLIGHT...

THE INTERSECTION—MONITORED
CROSSROADS OF CHOICE AND
CAPRICE, INTERMITTENTLY
ACCESSIBLE, SPASMING "DON'T
WALK" WARNING INEFFECTUALLY,
UNHEEDED—THE INTERSECTION...



I'M LATE, LATE IN
THE GREY CANYONS
OF OBLITERATED
COUNTRYSIDE...

THE CAR-HULKING JUGGERNAUT OF
INEXORABLE DETERMINATION
AUTHOR OF BELLIGERENT SOUNDS,
BLARING LOUDLY—THE CAR...

...LIKE MOTHER BRANDISHING
HER LEATHER, WELT-RAISING
STRAP SLICING DOWN AND
SNAPPING ABRUPTLY, STINGING
...HER PUNISHING BELT...

THE MADFLIGHT-LESS POUNDING
PISTONS HAMMERING
CONCRETE FACILITATING
MOVEMENT, EVADING PUNISH-
MENT—THE MADFLIGHT...



I...CROSSED
THE STREET
WRONG...
AGAINST THE
LIGHT AND THAT
CAR WANTS TO
GET ME BECAUSE
I CROSSED THE
STREET WRONG...
IT WANTS TO
PUNISH ME...

DON'T YOU RUN AWAY FROM ME,
YOU INSOLENT LITTLE BRAT!
YOU CROSSED THE STREET
WHEN I TOLD YOU TO STAY
CLOSE TO HOME—?



NO, MOMMY!
DON'T HIT ME!
I'LL...I'LL
RUN AWAY!
IF YOU DO!



THEY'RE GOING
TO GET ME! THEY
WANT TO PUNISH
ME...MUST GET
AWAY!

WORK—SOMETHING CLOSE TO YOUR HEART, SOMETHING YOU ENJOY, SURROUNDED BY COMFORTING SOLACE, A SANCTUARY FROM IDLE TIME—WORK...

I'M SURE YOUR WIFE WILL JUST LOVE THOSE FLOWERS, SIR, HAVE A GOOD DAY... OH, HERE COMES MY HELP—SHE'S A LITTLE LATE, BUT SHE NEEDN'T RUN LIKE THAT!



I'M FINE, REALLY, I AM. I WANT TO WORK LIKE WORKING HERE!

VERY WELL, IF YOU SAY YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, I'VE GOT TO GO TO THE BANK NOW. I'LL BE BACK SOON.

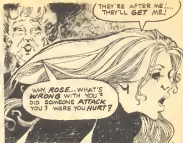


ESTRANGEMENT—APPREHENSION IN CROWDS, TREPIDATION IN PROXIMITY, COMFORT IN SOLITUDE—ESTRANGEMENT...



WE'RE ALONE, MY PRETTIES, ALL ALONE... WE'RE ALL BEAUTIFUL NOW, ROSE AND HER FLOWERS, HER PRETTIES...

THEY'RE AFTER ME!... THEY'LL GET ME!



WHY, ROSE... WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? DID SOMEONE ATTACK YOU? WERE YOU HURT?

RELIEF—CONTINUOUS WITH THE BOUNDARIES OF THE FLORIST SHOP, COEXISTENT WITH THE OMNIPRESENCE OF FLORAL BEAUTY, ELEGANCE, BENEVOLENCE, FAMILIARITY—RELIEF...



WHAT? OH... YES, I WAS ATTACKED—PURSE SNATCHERS... BUT THEY'RE GONE NOW... FOR A WHILE...

ROSE, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT? I MEAN, DO YOU THINK YOU OUGHT TO WORK TODAY? YOU'VE BEEN ACTING VERY PECULIARLY LATELY...

PARANOID—FANTASIES OF PERSECUTION, SINISTER FIGURES LURKING IN THE DAMOONS OF EVERY SITUATION, ANTICIPATION OF MALICIOUS PROCLIVITIES—PARANOID...



THEY'VE FOUND ME...

...HE'S HERE TO GET ME FOR CROSSING THAT STREET... HE'LL LOCK ME UP IN A CELL, NO AIR, A SMALL CELL, DARK, UNABLE TO BREATHE... HE'LL LOCK ME UP IN THE CLOSET—BEAT ME...



INSANITY—
DEMENTED DIS-
ILLUSION, PARAN-
OIA, ESTRANGE-
MENT, INSENSATE
ATAVISTIC RAGE,
THE DARKLING
TWIST OF A
HOPELESS CONFUS-
ED MIND, THE SLASH-
ING PLUNGE OF GLIT-
TERING FLORAL SNA-
RE—INSANITY...



FORGETFULNESS—THE EGALITARIAN CONFORMITY OF FLOWERS, THE DISMISSAL OF ODIOUS ACTIONS, THE DIVERSION PROVIDED BY THE FAMILIAR AND CHERISHED—FORGETFULNESS...



IT'S COOL IN HERE
FOR US, MY PRETTIES
AND THERE'S NO ONE
TO BOTHER US...



THE FREEZER DOOR...
LIKE ALL DOORS, CAPABLE
OF BEING CLOSED, SHUT-
TING ROSE IN, ALL ALONE,
WITH ONLY HER VIVID
FEARS - THE FREEZER DOOR.

CLAUSTROPHOBIA - THE CLOSET, ACID
SCENT OF RANCID WOOLBALLS, DANG-
LING TENDRILS OF GRASPING COAT
SLEEVES; THE BATHROOM, ASEPTICALLY
STERILIZED SQUEEZED TOGETHER, A
JIGSAW COMPLEX SQUEEZING TOGETHER
THE FREEZER, CHILLING PURVEYER OF
INCARCERATION, REPRESSOR OF
FREEDOM - CLAUSTROPHOBIA...

TERROR - THE STARK, SHELL CON-
NOTATION IMPLICIT IN THE CLOSING
OF A FREEZER DOOR - TERROR...

THE DOOR! DON'T SHUT THE
CLOSET DOOR, MOMMY!



NO, MOMMY, I CAN'T
STAND BEING IN HERE
IT'S TOO SMALL,
MOMMY, TOO SMALL!
LET ME OUT!



SURCEASE - THE BLANCHED FACE OF
THE RETURNING CLERK, AN OPENED
DOOR, THE OUTSIDE, THE SPACIOUS
OUTSIDE - SURCEASE...

ROSE, IT'S HORRIBLE! THAT MAN,
MURDERED - WAS IT THE MEN WHO ATTACK-
ED YOU BEFORE? DID THEY KILL THE MAN
AND PUT YOU IN THE FREEZER?

LET ME
OUT!
PLEEEAAASE!



YES, IT WAS THE
ONES WHO ATTACKED
ME - THEY'RE AFTER
ME! I MUST GET AWAY -
GET OUT OF HERE...



BUT ROSE,
WE HAVE TO
CALL THE
POLICE!

IS THAT YOU ROSE?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING
HOMES FROM WORK SO
EARLY? HONESTLY YOU
HAVE NO SENSE OF
RESPONSIBILITY...



YES,
MOTHER,
IT'S ME.
THEY'RE
AFTER
ME - I
HAD TO
COME
HOME...

NOT **THAT** BUSINESS
AGAIN! IF ONLY YOUR
FATHER HADN'T DIED IN
THE WAR... I COULDN'T
RAISE YOU MYSELF.
BUT YOUR FATHER
WOULD'VE DRUMMED
SOME SENSE INTO YOU -
MADE YOU COPE WITH
RESPONSIBILITY...



YOU SAY THERE WAS ANOTHER
GIRL WORKING HERE - AND SHE
HAD **BLOOD** SPLATTERED ALL
OVER HER
DRESS?



YES, OFFICER,
BUT YOU
DON'T THINK
SHE...

WE DON'T THINK ANYTHING, MA'AM
UNTIL WE GET THE FACTS, BUT THERE'S
NO MATERIAL MOTIVE IN THIS MURDER -
THE MAN'S WALLET IS STILL IN HIS POCKET,
FILLED WITH CASH. WE'LL CHECK THIS
ROSE GIRL'S FINGERPRINTS WITH THOSE
ON THE GARDEN SHEARS.



SHUT UP, ROSE! YOU'RE **SICK!**
NO ONE'S **AFTER** YOU - NO
ONE WANTS TO **GET** YOU!



DON'T CALL ME A LIAR, MOTHER!
THEY ARE AFTER ME—I KNOW
IT, THEY WANT TO LOCK ME AWAY!



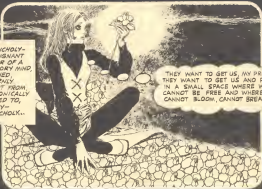
RETRIBUTION—THE FRENZIED
VENGEANCE OF PAST INJUSTICES,
VIOLENTLY DELIVERED
WITH A RAZOR-SHARP BUTCHER
KNIFE, MURDER—RETRIBUTION...



THIS IS THE PLACE, FRANK,
WE'D BETTER BE CAREFUL—
SHE'S PROBABLY A REAL
SICKO!



MELANCHOLY—
THE POIGNANT
DESPAIR OF A
DESULTORY MIND,
DETACHED,
FORLORNLY
EXEMPT FROM
YET IRONICALLY
ATTUNED TO,
REALITY—
MELANCHOLY...



APATHY—THE CAPITULATION TO IN-
EXORABLE FATE, THE LISTLESS
RELINQUISHING OF SELF—
APATHY...

SHE'S IN HERE,
FRANK... I DON'T THINK
SHE'LL GIVE US ANY TROUBLE!



DREAD—THE SPLINTERING SHATTER OF A
BREACHED DOOR, THE CONFIRMATION
OF DARKEST FEARS—DREAD...

LOSS OF SELF - THE LOSS OF A SYMBOL, REPRESENTATIVE OF IDENTITY, AVATAR OF MEANING, THE MELANCHOLY TINGE OF APATHY - LOSS OF SELF...



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS DOOR? I'VE NEVER HEARD OF LOCKING A CLOSET BEFORE...



CLATCH



GOOD LORD! SHE HAD A CORPSE LOCKED IN THE CLOSET! SHE'S REALLY PSYCHO!

MUST BE HER MOTHER... THE WOMAN AT THE FLORIST SHOP SAID SHE LIVED WITH HER MOTHER...

BUT WHY WOULD SHE DO SUCH A THING?

I GUESS WE'LL NEVER KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT ONE...

HELL - PARANOIA, INSANITY, CLAUSTROPHOBIA, A CLOSET A BATHROOM... AND A TINY PADDED CUBICLE, NO LARGER THAN A CLOSET - UNMILITARY HELL...

NOBODY LET ME OUT, PLEASE, NOBODY!



A ROSE IS A ROSE, BUT SOMETIMES ONLY IN A TITULAR SENSE. AND WHAT'S IN A NAME ANYWAY? MORE SHRIEK-SCREAMING FETTER OF STARK SUSPENSE AND DEWENTED DESPAIR FOLLOW NORTH WITH IN OUR NEXT ISSUE! ON SALE FEB 6.



COMING IN THE NEW

EERIE

ON SALE JANUARY 9

A blind witch women who thirsts for immortality, a beautiful young woman of the night whose tears dark, and an immortal goddess from the stars! Three women! Three DEATHS! As the king of vampires shows a primitive barbarian what it means to fear the wrath of

DRACULA!

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The one and only
DRACULA in a new
series all his own!
Co-starring his ex-

clusive vampire
VAMPIRELLA



PLUS, the "Garganza," the giant reptile who destroyed Tokyo! The corpse who wouldn't die, in "IT!" And Oax the Warrior battling a strange and deadly sorcerer in "The Giant!"

COMING IN THE NEW

VAMPIRELLA

ON SALE DECEMBER 19

The Vampirella, most lovely of all nocturnal creatures, leads her horde of demons against one lone mortal!

THE VIYI

A 6-page full-color preview of the new

DRACULA



PLUS, "Hell From On High," an 18-page epic featuring the blood-lusting goddess from the stars, VAMPIRELLA! AND "Silent Night, Unholy Night," the story of werewolf blood lust on the most peaceful of all nights, Christmas!

PREVIEW CREEPY NEXT ISSUE

Horrifying alien attackers from an infinity away have come to Earth to begin their deadly invasion... and no one on our planet will believe the invaders are here... not until it is too late, and Earth is conquered!



THEM THAR
FLYIN' THINGS

AND

The snow beast attacked, and Erley Culmen ran fearfully for his life... but ahead of him only waited... Death... in

A MOST PRIVATE TERROR!



Stories of terror and horror in the CREEPY tradition... by the world's greatest artists and writers.

ON SALE FEBRUARY 6.

CONTINUED FROM INSIDE FRONT COVER

A NEIGHBOR, MRS. ENGLISH, TOLD REPORTERS OF THE DAY SHE WAS TERRIFIED TO DISCOVER LITTLE CAROL HANGING FROM AN UPSTAIR WINDOW.



BUT WHEN SHE HURRIED TO TELL MRS. ADAMS, THEY FOUND THE LITTLE GIRL SAFE AND UNHARMED. MR. ADAMS HAD PREVIOUSLY LOCKED THE WINDOWS AND NAILED THEM SHUT. THEY COULDN'T BE OPENED. MRS. ENGLISH WAS POWERLESS TO EXPLAIN HOW SHE SAW WHAT SHE SAW.



MRS. ADAMS SUMMONED A LOCAL MEDIUM TO LOOK INTO THE WEIRD AND FRIGHTENING OCCURRENCES SURROUNDING HER DAUGHTER. THE MEDIUM IMMEDIATELY DETECTED "UNFAVORABLE INFLUENCES" IN THE ADAMS' HOUSE. THE VERDICT -- "A SPIRIT ENTITY WAS USING THE CHILD."



THERE THE MATTER NOW RESTS, AS RECORDED BY ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST RESPECTED NEWS ORGANIZATIONS. THE DEAD CAN'T TORMENT THE LIVING, CAN THEY?



WHAT DO YOU THINK?



FIRST WE GAVE YOU
CREEPY
THE FIRST MAGAZINE
OF ILLUSTRATED HORROR!



THEN ALONG CAME
EERIE
WITH HIS OWN BRAND
OF TERROR AND SUSPENSE!



NEXT, WE UNLEASHED
VAMPIRELLA
TO TRIPLE YOUR HEARTBEAT
WITH HER OWN
BEWITCHING TALES!



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Dracula

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SEE THIS ISSUE'S 8-PAGE FULL-COLOR PREVIEW OF DRACULA!
THEN ORDER YOUR COLLECTOR'S COPY WITH THE COUPON ON PAGE 46